THE LIVING AGE

Table of Contents

NOVEMBER 15, 1929

ARTICLES:

GUSTAV STRESEMANN	*Emil Ludwig*	330
PACIFISM IN HIGH PLACES	*L. J. Maxse*	332
AN ADDRESS TO BOYS	*Rudyard Kipling*	338
SOME HUMAN ASPECTS OF THE LEAGUE	*'Peer Gynt'*	341
CECIL SPRING RICE	*A 'Times' Reviewer*	346
MACDONALD AND HERRIOT	*Jacques Bardoux*	359
IN CALCUTTA	*C. Z. Klötzel*	362
AMERICAN NOTES	*Georges Lechartier*	367
VIGNETTES OF ITALY	*Ehm Welk*	373
TWO POEMS	*G. W. Russell (Æ)*	378

DEPARTMENTS:

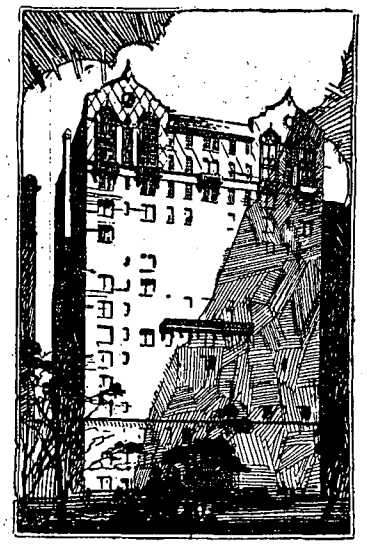
THE WORLD OVER	321
CALENDAR OF EVENTS	322
LETTERS AND THE ARTS	355
AS OTHERS SEE US	379
WAR AND PEACE	384
THE GUIDE POST	*Front Advertiser*
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Back Advertiser*
WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR	*Back Advertiser*

THE LIVING AGE. Published semi-monthly, on the first and the fifteenth of each month. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 25c a copy. $6.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1929, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Standish Hall
"A Residential Hotel"
45 w. 81st St. New York

Direction of M. Spark
John J. Scofield, *Manager*

WHEN IN NEW YORK

RESIDE at this magnificent Apartment Hotel overlooking Central Park, and facing Museum Gardens. Only a few minutes from Broadway, Fifth Avenue and the shopping and theater centers. Dining service unsurpassed. Residential and transient.

Send for illustrated booklet and rates

Now leasing for Fall and Winter occupancy

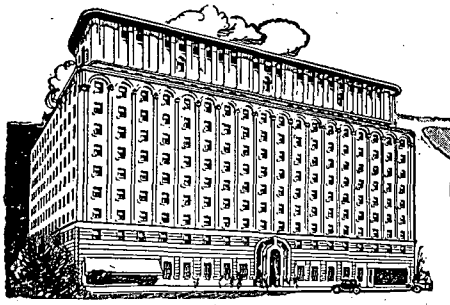
WEBSTER HALL HOTEL
PITTSBURG
PENNA.

In the Famous Schenley Park District
Four Transit Lines at the Door

ROOM RATES:
With Running Water, $2.00 up
With Private Bath, 3.50 up

Restaurant and Coffee Shop at Popular Prices

Ample Parking Space



Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

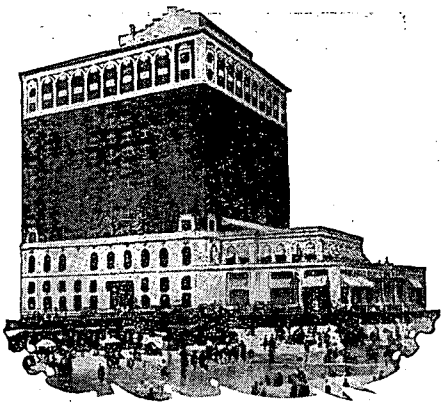
AS ONE WHO WAS a personal friend of Stresemann as well as an admirer of his conciliatory policies, Emil Ludwig is probably better equipped than any other man in Germany to write the obituary of the greatest German statesman since Bismarck.

Every month the opening pages of the *National Review* contain a purely opinionative summary of world affairs written by Mr. Leo J. Maxse, the editor of the magazine. In his most recent outburst, part of which we have pieced into an article, he makes no attempt to conceal either his antipathy toward the United States or his loathing—for it amounts to that—of Ramsay MacDonald. Just because so much has been written lately in praise of Anglo-American friendship, we feel that it is only healthy to bear in mind that certain influential Englishmen still exist who have suspicions of their American cousins.

Lord Milner's widow recently turned over her husband's sixteenth-century establishment in Sturry, Kent, to the Junior King's School, Canterbury, adding to the already existing buildings a new memorial schoolhouse. Since Milner was one of England's really great imperial statesmen of the War and pre-War period, it was only appropriate that Rudyard Kipling should make the official address at the dedication exercises.

No wonder 'Peer Gynt' writes under a pseudonym. Not only does he possess an intimate knowledge of that strange world of diplomats, delegates, and secretaries that goes to make up the League of Nations, but he tells all—as the tabloid papers would say.

The diaries of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, England's War-time ambassador to the United States, were considered of sufficient importance to rate a leading review in *The Times Literary Supplement*. It is a standing tradition with that greatest of all book-review journals that none of its reviews shall be signed. The fact that they appear in its pages is considered a sufficient guarantee for their authority. And, besides, that poisonous 'personal touch' that warps so much American criticism is neatly avoided.



Atlantic City's
Finest Residential Hotel

PRESIDENT HOTEL

On the BEACHFRONT
at ALBANY AVENUE

LOCATED IN THE QUIET AND EXCLUSIVE CHELSEA SECTION

500 ROOMS WITH SEA WATER BATHS

AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

Sea Water Swimming Pool
Concert Orchestra
Turkish and Cabinet Baths
Spacious Sun Deck
Fireproof Construction

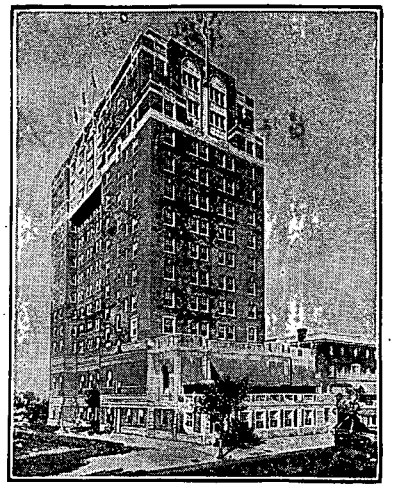
Also Beautifully Furnished Housekeeping Apartments Consisting of 1, 2, 3 and 4 Rooms with Complete Hotel Service by the Week, Month or Year.

"The Perfect Service and Distinctive Atmosphere, and the Highly Desirable Location Are Altogether Out of Proportion With the Really Moderate Rates Prevailing."

Under the Management of Charles D. Boughton

Quality advertising, not advertising volume, is the aim of THE LIVING AGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLTON MANOR

Atlantic City, N. J.

Located on Beautiful Pennsylvania Ave. Overlooking the Ocean

The atmosphere is charming . . . furnished in the early American period, quaint to the last detail . . . and then there is the ship's deck overlooking the sea, where the guests may recline in a steamer chair and enjoy the salt air and sunshine.

From $7.00 a day *American Plan*
or $4.00 a day *European Plan*
Special Weekly Rates

GARAGE CONNECTIONS

C. V. MEEKS
Managing Director

THE FRONTISPIECE

Our frontispiece in this issue, the work of a clever French lithographer, will recall to many of our readers the final scene in Charlie Chaplin's *The Circus*, which delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic a few years ago. It is rumored that Charlie is soon going to release another picture, the first since *The Circus*.

Jacques Bardoux, one of the foremost political writers in France, has been contributing to *Le Temps* a series of articles about the conversations held at Chequers in 1924 between Herriot and MacDonald, when the two men were premiers of their respective countries. We are presenting in this issue the portion of this series that describes the contrasting personalities of the two men—the one a typical French, the other a typical British reformer.

C. Z. Klötzel has been heard from before in our pages. He has now been out in India for more than two months as special correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and his piece about Calcutta shows that he has saturated himself in the local atmosphere to advantage.

THE *Journal des Débats*, of which M. Georges Lechartier is the editor, will always be remembered and respected as one of the few Paris newspapers that did not take money secretly from Russia before the War, when the Tsar's government was trying to sell its ill-fated securities on the French market. M. Lechartier has just returned from an extensive trip—which was by no means his first—through the United States. In company with a large group of European newspaper men, he traveled the length and breadth of the land and now he tells the internationally minded readers of *L'Esprit International* what he saw.

From the times of the barbarian invasions of Rome, Italy has always cast a spell over the Teutonic mind. Ehm Welk (an extraordinary name, even for a LIVING AGE table of contents!) gives a picturesque account of the adventures that he and a lady friend had in the little hill town of Subiaco.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARLOT

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY ANDRÉ FOY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

NOVEMBER 15, 1929 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4350

THE WORLD OVER

NOTHING SHORT OF UNDISGUISED alarm has been expressed in the columns of the London *Times* at the prospect of the proposed Bank of International Settlements. And it is an alarm that the leading financiers of London share. Although the *Times* keeps assuring its readers in characteristically British fashion that its fear 'does not in the least imply any disparagement of the excellent work done by Sir Josiah Stamp and Sir Charles Addis' and though it adds that the Young Bank under certain circumstances 'should prove of lasting benefit to mankind,' an atmosphere almost amounting to terror keeps making itself felt. The fear that London will be replaced as the financial centre of the world is, of course, the chief 'danger' of the Young Plan:—

> Judging from the opinions which have appeared in the foreign press, the choice of London does not seem likely, for the moment, to gain the approval of Continental opinion. Yet it is clear that the future usefulness of the bank will largely depend upon the facilities which it enjoys of close collaboration with the financial organs of international finance, and London still is the most important money market of Europe, if not of the world. Meanwhile, those who are alarmed at the prospect of an international bank armed with such extensive powers may perhaps derive some comfort from the reflection that the formidable list of opera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20

Election of FRENCH SENATORS shows a slight drift away from parties of the RIGHT.

PARAGUAYAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES ratifies treaty settling boundary with BRAZIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21

IVAN KREUGER, SWEDISH match king, puts up $125,000,000 loan to GERMANY in return for being allowed to reorganize the GERMAN NATIONAL MATCH INDUSTRY, of which SWEDISH INTERESTS already have a 65% control.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22

BRIAND'S CABINET falls by a vote of 288 to 277 on a question of procedure in relation to the YOUNG PLAN.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23

The committee organizing the BANK OF INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS refers back the question of how REPARATIONS shall be paid to a second HAGUE CONFERENCE.

CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT of ITALY formally asks for the hand of PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ of BELGIUM.

J. H. THOMAS and leaders of the BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY arrange to receive a $5,000,000 backing from the PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY to promote the sale of BRITISH AUTOMOBILES.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25

KING MICHAEL of RUMANIA celebrates his 8th birthday.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27

Five hundred COMMUNISTS attempt to storm the AMERICAN EMBASSY in LONDON, protesting against the GASTONIA TRIALS.

'Italy is at last as I wish it—an army of citizens and soldiers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions specified in the Young Report is perhaps best interpreted, like the articles of association of a newly formed company, largely as pious aspirations.

What specifically disturbs London about the whole business is that the International Bank may extend its powers and come to regulate the flow of gold all over the world. It is also hinted that the Bank might lend itself to the sinister activities of speculators and also that nations not represented on its board—and only seven nations are so represented—will find themselves handicapped. A contributor to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* fears that the mechanism of foreign exchange may be seriously disturbed and the *Times* points out that a national bank at variance with its government might use the international bank to further its selfish interests. One almost wonders how those able negotiators in Paris could have devised such an inadequate, un-English solution for the ills of the world.

HECTOR C. BYWATER, probably the most authoritative writer on naval subjects in Great Britain, welcomes the smaller fighting ship that is likely to be the result of the forthcoming five-power naval conference. The Battle of Jutland demonstrated, among other things, that light vessels can often outmanœuvre big ones and, according to Mr. Bywater, 'Jutland was certainly no advertisement for the Fisher principle of the biggest ship and the most ponderous gun.' From an economic point of view, too, the smaller ship is to be preferred:—

> While all credit must be given to the higher motives of those who have inspired recent disarmament negotiations, it would be hypocritical to pretend that the economic factor has played no part. To say that naval armaments in their present form have become altogether too costly to perpetuate is to express no more than the simple truth. At this moment we are paying for a cruiser twice as much, and for a battleship eight times as much, as we paid for a capital ship in pre-Dreadnought days.

Germany's 10,000-ton *Ersatz Preussen* demonstrates what can be done with a small vessel. This 'pocket battleship' has a cruising radius of ten thousand miles and its internal combustion engines drive it at twenty knots an hour. Another still smaller German cruiser, the 6,000-ton *Königsberg*, incorporates the same principles. These boats were not, however, as cheap to build as Mr. Bywater would have us believe, and on a sizable fleet of such highly specialized craft even a great nation could spend till it hurt.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF British Communism, known as the *Labour Monthly*, takes quite a different view of MacDonald and the Labor Party from the one set forth elsewhere in this issue by the brilliant Mr. L. J. Maxse. Far from regarding MacDonald as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ready for the work of peace or war,' declares MUSSOLINI at a celebration of the 9th anniversary of the FASCIST MARCH on ROME.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28

COUNT and COUNTESS KAROLYI of HUNGARY are granted permission to enter the UNITED STATES.

PRINCE BERNHARDT VON BÜLOW, former GERMAN CHANCELLOR, dies at the age of 80.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29

BRITISH PARLIAMENT opens.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31

By a majority of 20,000, NOVA SCOTIA votes to permit the sale of liquor under GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

VICEROY IRWIN pledges DOMINION status for INDIA.

POLISH PARLIAMENT refuses to convene when ninety armed officers enter the CHAMBER without permission of the authorities.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

FOUR RUSSIAN AVIATORS complete their 12,500-mile good-will trip from MOSCOW to NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

ANDRÉ TARDIEU forms a FRENCH CABINET, retaining BRIAND and many other members of the former POINCARÉ CABINET.

By a margin of 15,000 votes, the NATIONALIST-FASCIST REFERENDUM on the YOUNG PLAN wins the 10% approval required from the GERMAN ELECTORATE before the final plebiscite on the PLAN can be held.

The BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT dispatches a 29,000-ton battleship to JAFFA to guard against any possible outbreak during the ARAB general strike in PALESTINE.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3

CHINESE REBEL ARMIES win important victories over the NATIONALIST TROOPS.

Impoverished farmers in many parts of the ARGENTINE organize meetings of protest against the GOVERNMENT's agricultural policy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weak-kneed pacifist, as certain Tories are prone to do, the *Labour Monthly* looks upon him as an imperialist *par excellence:* 'Just as Fascism looks down with contempt on the hesitating half-measures of its Liberal and Conservative predecessors, so Labor Imperialism, now grown to its full stature, and tasting for the first time the full rôle it feels reserved for it, exults in contemptuous superiority over the mere Conservatism which would have hesitated and temporized and diplomatized for fear of possible opposition.' As for the negotiations with America, they are described as follows:—

> The British Labor Government has staked all on reaching a temporary understanding with America in the naval discussions. What rôle other issues, including especially the financial issue, have played in these discussions has not been revealed. The comings and goings of the Normans, Lamonts, Dawes, and the rest with MacDonald have remained veiled in a considerably darker mist of secret diplomacy than the old, ill-concealed secret diplomacy of before the War, against which the Labor Party used to inveigh.

o

It need hardly be added that the sinister motive behind all these manœuvres is an alleged 'crusade' against the Soviet Union.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, the *New Statesman's* Paris correspondent, suggests that a modern revival of Charlemagne's Empire might be brought about through a far-reaching Franco-German alliance. Arnold Rechberg, the originator of the scheme, has been working in conjunction with the French Nationalist leader, Paul Reynaud, as well as with Poincaré, who, even during the occupation of the Ruhr, asserted that he was striving to bring about closer coöperation between France and Germany. As head of the Franco-German potash cartel, Rechberg has found out for himself how fruitful an economic agreement between the two countries can be, and he has therefore devised a much larger scheme, which Mr. Huddleston summarizes as follows:—

> The liaison of the essential industries of France and Germany has already been realized; it should be followed by a military accord by which France and Germany would guarantee each other's European frontiers, and by which the French and German Armies should be in the proportion of 500,000 men to 300,000 men. There should be a common headquarters staff with the right to inspect the French and German troops and elaborate military plans. The late Marshal Foch, according to Rechberg, favored such an alliance on the ground that it would render a Franco-German war impossible, and would guarantee European peace.
>
> Among the conditions of such an alliance are the evacuation of all German territories occupied by France, and the subsequent substitution of a Franco-German reparations settlement for the existing settlement. Poland should surrender Danzig and the Corridor—though Danzig would remain a free port, and France and Germany would guarantee to Poland unimpeded navigation on the Vistula. In Upper Silesia the German and Polish industrialists should work to-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether, and the frontiers could thus be kept as they are. Indeed, Poland might be affiliated to the alliance. The clause of the Versailles Treaty relating to war guilt should be annulled. The union of Germany and Austria—the *Anschluss*—should not be opposed. England could, if she chose, come into the alliance. It is, of course, asserted that France and Poland would be thus secure, that nobody would be menaced (except perhaps Russia, which under its present government is the enemy of civilization), that this new Empire of Charlemagne would assure tranquillity and prosperity to the nations of Europe.

But the powerful Socialist Parties in both France and Germany are seen as the most determined opponents of such a scheme. They do not care for such an ambitious military programme and they fear such a vast concentration of capital in the hands of a few powerful groups.

THE POLITICAL LETHARGY of Spain is broken at intervals of every six weeks or so by rumors that Primo de Rivera is on the point of resigning. When, in the middle of September, he celebrated the sixth anniversary of his dictatorship, hopes ran high that he would make some sensational announcement. But nothing happened. He did not intimate that he would presently retire nor did he deliver himself, as he had threatened to do, of any polemical outburst, with a view to arousing some articulate and organized opposition. Furthermore, instead of examining the revised Constitution, which members of the National Assembly had supposedly been studying during their vacation, he proposed to enlarge that body and invited a number of distinguished people to join it. The Socialists, however, rejected his suggestion that they, too, send some representatives, and various groups of intellectuals and professional men chose to elect members themselves rather than abide by Primo's choice in the matter. There is literally no telling what may happen next, but, if any change should occur, it seems probable that somebody connected with the Patriotic Union which supports the present régime will take over the reins.

PREMIER ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS of Greece again finds himself enjoying a European prestige that seems out of all proportion to the importance of his native country. This sensation he has experienced at least twice before—once when he and Sir Basil Zaharoff got Greece into the War on the Allied side, and again when the policies he had advocated at Versailles led to the disastrous campaigns against the Turks in Asia Minor. Because his ambitions had brought his country to the verge of anarchy and bankruptcy, he vanished from the public eye for some half dozen years, but now that he has returned to power some of his former grandeur still clings about his garments. Not only did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he appear at the September session of the League, but he has since that time been making the rounds of the chief European capitals, ending his grand tour in Berlin, where he gave out an interview that received wide attention throughout all the German-language press of Central Europe.

Needless to say, such a sly old gentleman as Venizelos did not reveal any state secrets—at least not intentionally. He advocated disarmament, praised the Hoover-MacDonald conversations, and announced himself as being in complete agreement with M. Briand's delightful scheme for a United States of Europe, which he vastly prefers to any exclusively Balkan alliance. His observations on his own country's position in the world are worth quoting:—

> I believe that people in Europe have a great many false ideas about the Balkans. Of course, the economic situation in our countries is not fully consolidated. As a result, a certain amount of friction and rivalry makes itself felt. But political and military dangers simply do not exist. Consider, for instance, the relations between Greece and Turkey. The great question there has to do with refugees from Asia Minor, hundreds of thousands of whom have had to settle in Greece. Obviously a very vexing problem as far as we are concerned. And one that involves all kinds of economic disputes with our neighbors. But is there any danger of war? Not the remotest. Even in our peninsula rivalries will be smoothed out. Even in our peninsula ideas of peace and friendship will triumph.

Since the interview was held in Berlin, the Germans naturally came in for a kind word or two. Venizelos feels sure that if it had not been for the War, Germany would to-day be the first nation in Europe. Nothing, he added, would please him more than the closest possible relations between Athens and Berlin, but when his importunate interviewer screwed up enough courage to ask about the problem of minorities—a burning question not only in Germany but in all the Balkan nations—M. Venizelos emulated the Cheshire cat and vanished with a smile.

FOR THE TRUTH IS that the real Balkans are not the earthly paradise that M. Venizelos would have us believe them to be. The *Manchester Guardian* has been drawing evidence from a variety of first-hand sources to prove that the royal dictatorship set up last January in Yugoslavia has produced wholesale violence and injustice and that it can lead only to disaster. An anonymous journalist long familiar with both the Serbs and the Croats gives an account of some of the outrages he himself witnessed:—

> In the prisons, confessions are extorted by the most inhuman torments. Many prisoners, unable to bear these torments any longer, have committed suicide. One prisoner was beaten to death in Zagreb and then thrown down on to the pavement below so as to make it seem as though he had taken his own life. The two Communists, Echimovich and Pavlovich, were beaten almost to death in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zagreb and then taken to the Austrian frontier and shot at close range (the police report said that they were shot 'while trying to escape'). In the village of Samobor three young men alleged to be Communists were attacked by gendarmes who broke into their common bedroom. All three were shot, the police reporting that there had been a fight in which one had been killed, whereupon the two others had committed suicide.

It is not the Communists, however, but the Croats who are the real object of the Belgrade Government's animosity. The bogy of Bolshevism merely serves as a handy excuse to persecute a minority group, whose superior culture, gained under the rule of the hated Austrian, arouses the jealousy of the comparatively backward Serbs. In a leading editorial the *Manchester Guardian* goes even further than some of its correspondents, insisting that Yugoslavia is certain to break up, and by force of arms, too. It prophesies that the Bulgarians will side with the Macedonians against Belgrade, and that Italy, in conformity to her promises to Hungary, will also encourage any attempt to revise the peace treaties and re-open the whole question of minorities, while France, determined to uphold the status quo, will take the side of Belgrade.

William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, is not nearly so gloomy. Writing about ten days after the *Guardian* made its dark forecasts, he asserted that King Alexander's dictatorship is the one hope of the Croats, who are certain to be granted much more autonomy than they have ever enjoyed before. The King, according to M. Martin, does not possess the dictatorial temperament and is merely trying to get the country into the best possible shape for his son and heir. The truth, however, probably lies more with the *Guardian*. Its witnesses, though biased, have at least seen Yugoslavia at first hand, and its Liberal, anti-French bias is no stronger than M. Martin's hopeful trust that the League of Nations is fast making this the best of all possible worlds.

THREE MEN ARE CONTESTING on November 17th for the presidency of Mexico. Pascual Ortiz Rubio, candidate of the Grand Revolutionary Party, promises to carry out the policies of Obregón, Calles, and Portes Gil, redistributing land to the peasants, protecting the workers by advanced legislation, and appealing, generally, to the middle class as well as to the country and city worker. José Vasconcelos, former minister of education under Calles, opposes certain policies now being pursued. He would limit the political power of the president and restrict him to holding office for one term only; he wants to reduce the army, give women the vote, have the judiciary elected by the people, and give the government control over the natural wealth of the country, including the water power. The third candidate, General Pedro V. Triana, entered the lists at the last minute. He is registered as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

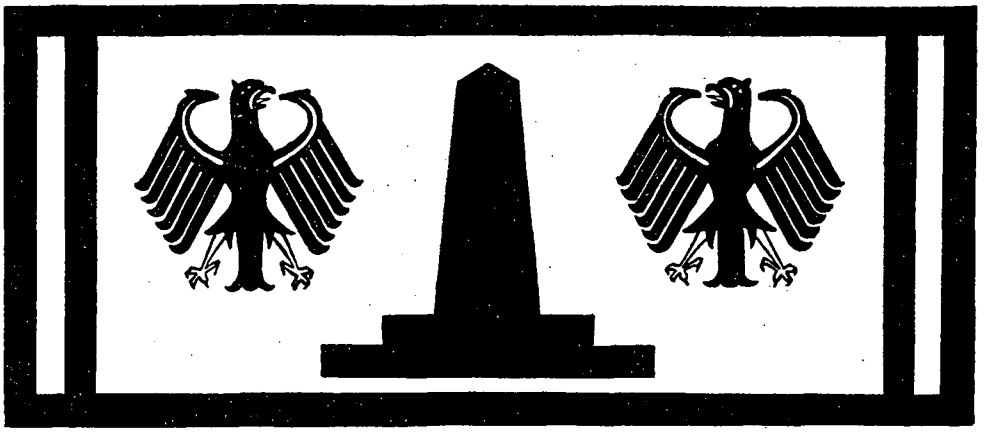
the Communist nominee and represents the National Association of Agricultural Workers. His chances are regarded as distinctly slim.

Newspaper comment on the election expresses more concern as to how the voting will be conducted than as to what the outcome will be or what issues are involved. *El Universal* remarks: 'Every time that a presidential election approaches in Mexico, a certain uneasiness and anxiety become evident. Such a spirit exists to-day. Immediate projects are postponed. Investments diminish. There is a certain lack of confidence and business becomes slack. The country feels that it is near a crisis that will only end when the conflict is terminated.'

In another editorial the same paper states that 'the coming elections are nothing more or less than an attempt to consolidate a new régime of political institutions upon an old régime of political personalities. It is certain that the majority of the country wishes nothing more than to live up to the standards of democratic government, whose fundamental premise is that everyone must conform to the will of the voters.'

JAPAN'S RISING TIDE of population continues almost unabated. The first quarter of the present year showed, to be sure, a slightly lower gain than the corresponding period in 1928, but this was due to a higher death rate, not to any decrease in fertility. Only in 1927 was there a decline in the number of births and on that occasion it was merely interpreted as a normal fluctuation. The fact is, according to the *Japan Advertiser*, that the country is still going through the same phase of growth that England underwent during the Industrial Revolution and industry must expand fast enough to provide for the equivalent added population of a city the size of Tokyo every two years. Attempts are being made to educate the masses in regard to birth control and free instruction is made available to people with more than four children. Of course, once such information becomes general, it will spread everywhere, but, as the *Japan Advertiser* points out, a fall in the birth rate can not be expected until the nation has attained a high standard of general comfort and then it will happen of its own accord. The tendency of modern life to postpone the marriage age is also likely to make itself felt in the long run.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GUSTAV STRESEMANN

The Man of Peace

By Emil Ludwig

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

NOT FOUR WEEKS have passed since he was standing on the tribune in Geneva, pale and suffering from the heat of the overcrowded room, his face shrunken and his emaciated neck moving ceaselessly to and fro in a collar that had become too big for him. When he touched upon the results of his negotiations at the Hague he tactfully avoided boasting of his success, in order not to make things any more difficult for Briand, who was sitting directly in front of him. But his speech had lost its old glamour. He read it listlessly, and his voice no longer quavered as it used to do. Previously this voice of his had a trumpet-like quality and sounded like a muffled horn, but on this occasion, when he closed his speech with these words of Schiller's, 'Das von der grossen Schuld der Zeit Minuten, Stunden, Jahre streicht,' one felt that he had uttered his own epilogue. I expressed this opinion in writing that very evening to his doctor at Bühlerhöhe. He wrote back to me, 'We had not believed it possible for him to be able to bring his work to any kind of conclusion.'

All real authorities to-day recognize Stresemann's achievements as a statesman. His activities, beginning in 1923 and lasting until 1929, commenced when he saved the Republic from the crisis of the Ruhr, and ended when he arranged to have the Rhineland evacuated.

But history will make his figure a symbol of change, an out and out imperialist who by no means believed in the primary importance of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economics. He was in the year 1915 an intransigent annexationist who wanted Germany to control all the mineral wealth of France, but in November, 1918, he acquitted himself far better than certain of his contemporaries, for he did not turn Red in five minutes.

Instead, he became in the course of five years a supporter of the black, red, and gold flag of the Republic. The frightful defeat in the War had completely shattered him intellectually, but his ear detected the new historical rhythm and his trained historical mind perceived what was going on. He understood that Europe, and particularly Germany, could no longer cling to outworn methods. The same man whom I had heard only a few months ago extolling moral influences to a group of young students, the same man whose true nature was reckless and artistic, perceived that the military uniform had seen its best days. He recognized that Germany could not be saved by the policy of vengeance that certain groups were advocating, but that it could only be rescued by the idea that underlay the League of Nations. When I spoke to him during that fateful period of doubt when Germany was forced to wait in the antechamber of Geneva, like a new club member whose qualifications for membership are still being questioned, he asked me with downcast mien, 'What would you do now?' 'Go away,' I replied. 'That would give Berlin a cheap triumph,' he said, 'but it tempts me not.' At such moments as these he revealed himself as the real statesman that he was.

EXCEPT for Rathenau, Stresemann is the first German minister since Bülow who had received an advanced education. I have heard him discuss Goethe interestingly and at length, not merely giving quotations but showing that he understood the significance of the man; and I know that he put to productive use that underestimated political skill of the German nation which no one believed existed in Goethe's time. And he also would lend his aid to rescue the German spirit whenever it was threatened.

In my house in the Swiss forests where I am now dictating these fleeting words he stood, two years ago, before a picture of Goethe. After keeping silent for a long time, as it was only proper that he should, he later brought the conversation back to Goethe again. In such small ways one recognized that he was really less interested in immediate results than in far-reaching conclusions. Yet his character also possessed the naïveté of a student, which kept him from being a good judge of men. Thus he had a freshness that made him prone to deliberation and a seriousness that made him a man of action. Stresemann was a thoroughly German character.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PACIFISM IN HIGH PLACES

A Die-Hard Editor Excoriates MacDonald

By L. J. Maxse

From the *National Review*, London Tory Monthly

WE DO NOT PRETEND to share the wild ecstasies of the British press over Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's expedition to Washington. We doubt whether they reflect any serious section of the British public, who regard this enterprise as in the nature of a political stunt, from which little good is likely to accrue, though serious harm may result. Nor do we believe that Britons overseas have been deluded by the flood of nonsense that has doubtless submerged them if their newspapers have taken their cue from ours, which, speaking generally and with rare exceptions, have not distinguished themselves on this occasion. As every Anglo-American negotiation since the Great War, whether in secret diplomacy or in open conference, has invariably left matters worse than they were, it is 'unthinkable'—to use a favorite term of parliamentarians—that our present Prime Minister should succeed where everyone else has failed, all the more so as he is less equipped for the business in hand than any of his predecessors. There is, moreover, nothing in his record or reputation to inspire confidence in the nation he purports to represent, in which it should never be forgotten that he is merely the head of a minority government existing on sufferance. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has yet to make a single observation indicating that he has any conception of the rôle of the British Navy, either as a guarantee of the world's peace or as a protector of the British peoples in war, while he has spoken frequently in a hostile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense, and it is common ground that in the opening days of August, 1914, when our very existence was at stake and the fate of civilization trembled in the balance, he committed himself in a manner that probably gave more aid and comfort to the enemy than almost any of the many dreadful things said and done by his political associates during the four terrible years that followed.* It is 'ridiculous and grotesque'—to quote his colleague at the Exchequer—for such a politician to pose as 'a trustee of British sea power,' and nothing is more eloquent of the demoralization of these days than the applause—however artificial—of those who invite us to give him a blank check in Washington and to accept whatever figure he, or rather the American President, chooses to write on it.

These optimists are making a blunder yet more egregious than when they demanded that the Allies should allow President Wilson to dictate peace terms in Paris ten years ago without attempting to ascertain what prospects there were of his signature being honored by his own people. That unhappy affair was one of the most unequal contests in which British statesmanship ever took part, but at least it was done in ignorance and good faith. There was no suspicion as to the sequel, and we were represented by delegates who meant well from the Imperial and National standpoint, and who erroneously imagined that they were promoting the cause of World Peace by encouraging President Wilson to shape a treaty that would *ex hypothesi* make the United States a party to the post-War settlement.

BUT the present 'conversations' in Washington are infinitely more unsatisfactory because still more unequal than the Paris Peace Conference. The United States is represented by a 100 per cent American inspired by the single idea of promoting the strength and prestige of the Great Republic as the arbiter of world policy. President Hoover is an avowed Nationalist, and what we know as an Imperialist, with a healthy contempt for Internationalists of the Colonel House type.

Apart from his own character and ability, which are regarded as valuable American assets in any negotiations, President Hoover is the head and front of the Republican Party, which owes its long-continued and apparently unchallengeable ascendancy to its opposition to Wil-

* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald perpetrated this unforgivable iniquity as a responsible leader of Labor only fifteen years ago.

'There is no doubt whatever but that when all is over and we turn back to it in cold blood and read it [Sir Edward Grey's speech, August 3rd, 1914] carefully so as to ascertain why England has practically declared war on Germany, we shall find that the only reason from beginning to end in it is that our Foreign Office is anti-German and that the Admiralty was anxious to seize any opportunity of using the Navy in battle practice. Never did we arm our people and ask them to give us their lives for less good cause than this.'—*Leicester Pioneer*, August 17th, 1914.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonian policies, of which the League of Nations literally stank in American nostrils. Republicans venerate the Stars and Stripes. Patriotism is their religion—all honor to them, as so far little good has been done in this wicked world except by those who love their own country. Great Britain, on the other hand, is represented in these most unequal conversations by an International Socialist to whom the Union Jack conveys little or nothing. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has never yet been called a Patriot, and would probably bring an action for libel against anyone who so stigmatized him. He regards the British Empire as a nuisance that might usefully dissolve under the ægis of the League of Nations, and British sea power as an expensive luxury that encourages 'jingoistic' sentiment, instead of that Brotherhood of Man which the Labor Party professes in selected capitals abroad, while preaching 'the class war' at home and owing its parliamentary position to setting the 'Have Nots' against the 'Haves.'

GREAT BRITAIN has no earthly chance in a contest in which all the dice are loaded against her. What makes it still more unequal is the disparity of political status between any American president and any British prime minister. If we learned anything from the fate of President Wilson, it was that the chief executive of the United States has not the influence over Congress that the head of a British Government exercises in Parliament by the threat of dissolution. Mr. Hoover cannot commit either Senate or House of Representatives, and is fully aware that these highly suspicious, not to say jealous, bodies would promptly repudiate any arrangement upon which he entered that smacked of 'concession' to or even consideration for Great Britian. Especially on the Navy, because Americans know that they can afford to outbuild us—a view that no sane person on this side of the Atlantic will be found to question—and they resent any and every attempt to cramp their shipbuilding ambitions 'in the interests of impoverished England.'

In the inconceivable event of their President trying to meet this country half-way, or a quarter-way, there would not be the faintest chance of such a compact being ratified. Thanks to the ingenious distribution of powers under the American Constitution, Washington is always 'on velvet' in dealing with foreign governments, owing to its lack of mandate. Great Britain, on the other hand, having no constitutional safeguards, and being at the mercy of the whim of the moment, deems herself bound by engagements entered into in her name with the heads of other States. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald agreed to sink every British cruiser to which the American Navy Department took exception, or even to scrap our entire fleet on the strength of the Kellogg Peace Pact, a vociferous demand would doubtless arise from our amor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phous Anglo-Americanizing press for the ratification of this 'Perpetual Peace of the English-speaking nations,' who had established a millennium by the simple process of making it physically impossible for one of them to fight. With a House of Commons dominated by sentimental Conservatives, Welsh tacticians, and Socialist Pacifists, anything might happen. We have no solid security against capitulations into which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may be inveigled during his picnic in Washington.

AMERICA should be able to understand British apprehensions by reversing the positions and imagining their own feelings supposing, as chief executive, Mr. Morris Hillquit—the Socialist bugbear of New York—by the accident of politics represented the United States in a discussion in London on the limitation of navies with, say, Mr. Neville Chamberlain as British Prime Minister. Americans would feel that in such an encounter their case hadn't a dog's chance, and American manhood would prepare to give this pseudo-'President' the reception of his life on his return home. But their position, on that extravagant supposition, would be less parlous than ours is to-day because they would have their tower of strength, the Senate, to fall back on, while we have only broken reeds and a sloppy press that is positively nauseating in its toadyism of the United States.

This is not to say that the situation is desperate—it never is. There are snags in the way of the white flaggers, of which the most serious is the fortunate fact that nothing can be 'settled' between President Hoover and Mr. MacDonald, as the whole naval question will have to be reconsidered *de novo* at a formal Five-Power Naval Conference in London in January, and, however keen International Socialists may be to sweep away our 'bloated armaments,' France, Italy, and Japan will have a serious say in this matter, and, as none of their Governments contemplate committing suicide in order 'to please their American creditors,' their attitude may save us from ourselves. For, however fervently our sentimentalists may believe in an English-speaking millennium obtained by the easy process of disarming Great Britain, not even the most fatuous Pacifist can affect to believe that Mr. Snowden's recent demonstration at the Hague has promoted any European millennium.

WE ARE as weary of reiterating the opinion as our readers must be of hearing it, that on all grounds it would be far wiser for the United States and Great Britain to build their own Navies according to their own needs on their own specifications. The attempt of either to arrange the fleet of the other is from every point of view unsatisfactory, and none of the advocates of this effort, either in Parliament or in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press, can adduce one solid argument in favor of what is emphatically a foolish proceeding that arouses suspicion in patriotic circles across the Atlantic and profound misgiving in England, which, for reasons already mentioned, has every ground for mistrusting her self-appointed spokesman in this business.

All this talk of 'Parity' and 'Yardsticks' is beside the mark. It is, indeed, quite irrelevant to the issues at stake, and can only lead to friction and embitterment. American politicians 'on the make,' who are constantly tempted to play up to the mighty Anglophobe gallery, will be forever accusing John Bull—who is cast for the part of International Machiavelli in the inflammable Middle West—of violating 'Parity,' just as they accused him of circumventing the Washington Agreement on Battleships by 'gun elevation.' At every moment the Hearst press will discover some fresh 'mare's nest' which its credulous clientele will greedily swallow, and, when that particular mare's nest is disposed of, it will unearth another.

'Parity,' is a breeding ground of mare's nests. It will involve the two countries in endless controversy and provide ceaseless opportunities for professional mischief-makers, until at last Parity becomes the bogy of the American and a nuisance to the British. Nor does it possess any intrinsic merit, as Parity is meaningless in terms of sea power—it concedes too much to a potential aggressor and not enough to the attacked, especially should the latter happen to be a scattered empire dependent for communications and sustenance on open ocean highways. No one outside a lunatic asylum would suggest that Great Britain contemplates challenging the United States for naval supremacy, and as the Washington Government, in the name of the American people, has solemnly invited all nations, great and small, to sign, seal, and deliver a formal renunciation of War 'as an instrument of National Policy'—which responsible statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic affect to regard with the utmost gravity—what is there to discuss?

NEITHER the White House nor Downing Street have any right to view the British and American Navies as aimed at one another, which makes this 'Parity' policy a pure waste of time, apart from its other drawbacks. Of course, if the Kellogg Peace Pact is mere 'eyewash,' as some suspect, which would have no more effect in restraining aggression than the League of Nations in preventing another Great War, since the United States Senate knocked all the stuffing out of it, the Washington and London Governments are merely sparring for position in these 'naval conversations.' This is what we are most anxious to avoid, as under present auspices Great Britain must have the worst of it. The same observation applies to 'Yardstick' as to 'Parity.' There can be no common measure of such dissimilar things as the American and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British Navies, and the effort to treat the totally different as though they were identical can only end in failure; and in this case, also, failure means friction and estrangement.

We need not recite the different rôles of our respective fleets—the American people know why they require battleships, battle cruisers, cruisers, submarines, and aircraft; and Washington should be a better judge than London of their shipbuilding necessities. It seems absurd, because it is absurd, that the United States should be called upon to lay down cruisers they do not want in pursuance of the phantom of 'Parity,' measured to some impossible 'Yardstick.' The British people have lived in vain unless they appreciate the significance of sea power, of which recent generations learned more from a famous American historian than from any other source. The British Navy is our all in all. It is one of the few national institutions we cannot afford to allow thoughtless statesmen to play the fool with, even 'to please the Americans'—a policy that is less popular with our people than among politicians and journalists. When we learn that the Admiralty has been constrained by the present Socialist caretakers of Downing Street to reduce the 'irreducible minimum' of British cruisers from 500,000 tons to 350,000 tons in order that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may have a *succès d'estime* in Washington and that 'Parity' may be promoted, we realize anew how dangerous to the Peace of the World is Pacifism in high places.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ADDRESS TO BOYS

By Rudyard Kipling

From the *Sunday Times,* London Weekly Newspaper

I SHALL NOT BE telling you much that you do not know. Indeed, my only advantage over you is that you have not yet the words in which to express your knowledge, and—you are not allowed to contradict me.

I am sure you have been told many times that your school gives you in advance and in miniature almost every problem and situation that you may be called upon to meet later. Strange as it may seem, it is true, because (perhaps you have not been told this) very few men are more than sixteen years old when it comes to a pinch.

So, if you can remember the style of a man's work, or, better still, of his play, you can make a close guess later on as to what he will do and how and why, and presently you will realize that men seldom do anything for the first time—except at school. It isn't as if men were original creatures. They are boy-products.

Here is another thing that you know. You may have noticed that there is not much justice in your present world. There is rather less outside. This will save you all the time and trouble of looking for it. Most injustice is not inflicted deliberately, but because people do not take the trouble to think things out. Thinking gives them headaches, and, if persisted in, may cause them to change their opinions. So it simply isn't done, you know.

But let me work out a simple equation for you. The next time that a personal injustice is done to you, on account of your manners, habits, or appearance, try to recall the last time that you were—I won't say unjust—but unfair to someone else. If you have forgotten, ask a friend. He'll remember. Bracketing these two factors, you will see that they cancel out.

In the case of impersonal injustice—that is to say, when you have not had credit for something really decent which you have done—consider that you have had, or may hope to have, credit for all sorts of things you didn't do, or stumbled into by accident. Once more, bracketing these factors, they also cancel each other.

Too much fussing over abstract justice leads one to stand up for one's rights and to dwell on what one owes to oneself. That is a temptation of the Devil.

Any debt that a man thinks he owes himself can stand over till all the others are paid, and standing up for one's rights and not being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put upon often ends in becoming a man with a grievance, which is the same as being a leper. Therefore, when you are told off to shoot some sort of tiger (as you certainly will be), try not to choose a man with a grievance for your partner.

If his disease attacks him he will sulk or hang behind the scrum, and delay or wreck the work you are trying to do with him. Some of you may have learnt this already in making up elevens and fifteens. Some of you may have been told that you had a down on a fellow just because you put him where he could not do much harm to his own side.

SO YOU see all your experiences here are rehearsals for what you may expect on a large scale and on a stage where it is important that you should know your part. And here comes in the great value of what is wrongly called 'secondary education.'

All education is primary—not to say primitive. It is one's school that teaches one how to keep one's temper, and when to let it loose. If one is too clever and shows it, one's school helps one to suffer fools. If one is a fool oneself, one is told precisely what sort of a fool one is. Lots of men go through life without discovering that great fact. If one knows how everything ought to be done (some people seem to), one is recommended to go and do it instead of standing about talking. All of which means that one can pick up the rudiments of self-control, a sense of what really matters, and even the valuable gift of burning one's own smoke—keeping one's mouth shut.

Now, as far as one man can judge another, I think that Lord Milner's character was based on these three points—self-control, a sense of what really matters, and the power of possessing his soul in patience. They gave the enduring background to his great gifts and strengthened his wide influence over men.

His career was one of many difficulties and bitter disappointments, but, in all the time that I had the honor of knowing him, he never revealed that he was thrown out of his stride by accidents, intrigues, and delays which theoretically should have defeated him altogether. I do not know whether he suffered fools gladly, but he suffered them in silence.

AT THE close of eight years' splendid, far-seeing work in settling and reconstructing a half-ruined Dominion, and after he had put aside honor and great preferment in order that he might finish that work, he was treated unjustly by what the history books call 'this ungrateful country.'

As a matter of fact, it was only the House of Commons—a paltry exhibition which took the form of a pious rebuke, and though, of course, broadcasting had not been invented, that rebuke went all round the world and caused a great deal of talk. But Lord Milner did not contrib-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ute to the discussion, nor did he encourage his friends to. He went on with his work, and let other people do the talking.

Years later came the War, which does not interest you as much as it did us at the time, and Lord Milner, who was then on the Imperial War Council, used all his gifts and powers to help to bring it to a certain end. We do not yet realize, and you will not for many years, how vitally important this work was, and what is saved us.

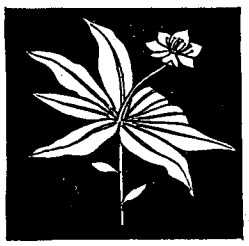
He saw that there was just one thing that ought to be done and done quickly, and he gave everything that was in him to get the matter accomplished. And all the while he was doing this he worked sympathetically and serenely with some of the very men who had done him the public injustice of years ago. That seems to me a glorious close to a devoted and spotless career.

BUT whatever a man's natural gifts may be, he cannot slip on the virtues that built up such a character as Lord Milner's a few minutes before they are required. One must practise somewhere before one plays anywhere. And here is your practice-ground. Lord Milner had to learn the game in a harder and lonelier school.

Looking back on his life, and above all on his intense influence over the men he worked with, one feels that no memorial to him is needed except one. And just that fitting memorial has been made possible by Lady Milner's discerning gift of the lands upon which the younger branch of the oldest school in England now enters.

But it is you, and you only, gentlemen, who can make that memorial. It is you alone who can keep it in permanence and due honor by the temper of your own lives while you are here. For on that temper will surely depend the work you may do hereafter in and for the world. You have no self-seeking or unworthy example to follow. May you be fortunate —lucky in little things, and secure in the possession of the few great things that life has to offer.

On these lines, then, shall we say that the school will be open.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME HUMAN ASPECTS OF THE LEAGUE

Geneva in Cross Section

By 'Peer Gynt'

Translated from *Der Querschnitt,* Berlin Literary Monthly

NOT LONG AGO a gentleman from Oklahoma asked the liveried porter of his hotel in Geneva whether the so-called League of Nations, which was alleged to hold frequent meetings there and of which he was eager to become a member, kept any permanent officials. As a matter of actual fact, the League constantly maintains more than five hundred diplomats and would-be diplomats. They come from forty-five countries and form the first international ministry of foreign affairs of the embryonic World State. Their political, social, and material position determines the character and effectiveness of the greatest political curiosity in world history, the Genevan League of Nations.

During the War, a splendid hotel stood on the bank of Lake Léman. It served as headquarters for the international espionage organization. After peace was concluded and Brussels, the Hague, Constantinople, and Vienna had been definitely rejected as possible homes of the League, Woodrow Wilson was driving by the hotel in question on a certain beautiful day, and promptly designated it as the seat of the future super-state. Thus was Geneva deprived of its one really luxurious hotel, the 'National,' whose value was then placed at five and a half million Swiss francs. In 1920, it was extraterritorialized with much ceremony, and crimes committed in its halls ceased to be subject to processes of law. Its storerooms and laundries to-day contain the government documents of fifty-four nations. Its former dance hall has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become the League's library, and the historic, glass-inclosed dining room, which was nearly wrecked at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti riots, provides the League Council with a meeting place for private sessions. Drawing rooms, bedrooms, and bath rooms were transformed overnight into offices, and an economic statistician from Bessarabia now pursues his labors in a former lavatory. But the doormats at the entrance, which the representatives of five continents must cross in order to reach the interior of the Secretariat, still bear the name, 'National'—*nomen est omen.* Some peace fanatic has yet to conceive the plan of exchanging these mats, under the cover of darkness, for those of the near-by Hôtel de la Paix, in order to spread a more appropriate motto beneath the feet of the delegates.

THE chief official of the Secretariat is the Honorable Sir James Eric Drummond, K.C.M.G., C.B., half-brother and heir presumptive of the fifteenth Earl of Perth. He supervises disarmament, child welfare, transit, mandates, control of prostitution, minorities, opium, economic problems, and the work of the League Council. His family tree has its roots in the thirteenth century and his wife comes from the house of the Dukes of Norfolk. Drummond is no Zionist or Free Mason, and, although a Roman Catholic, he is no Jesuit, either. He is a well trained British civil servant who earns honorably his yearly salary of 160,000 Swiss francs. He has as assistants four undersecretary generals, one of whom is Sir Eric's permanent representative, a post which carries with it twice as large an allowance for entertainment expenses as the others. These undersecretary generals consist, naturally, of a Frenchman, an Italian, and a German, who were later joined by a champion heavy-weight boxer and swimmer from Japan, Yotaro Sugimura. To see this Japanese is to remember him for life. His smooth, round, and invariably gleaming countenance looks like a full moon made of ivory. The pressure of his enormous body has rendered him quite bow-legged and his plump hands always look as if they were clad in boxing gloves. Indeed, it was his skill in boxing that secured him the leadership of the political section, for no one dares oppose him and he thus emerges most amicably from every situation. Because his great weight shatters ordinary chairs, he has to use a specially constructed one of his own.

Albert Dufour-Feronce, the German secretary general, hails from Leipzig and this couplet in his honor has proved most popular:—

Ni fou ni four ni fer ni ronce!
Vive Monsieur Dufour-Feronce!*

* This clever play on the syllables composing M. Dufour-Feronce's name would read as follows in literal translation:—

'Neither fool nor failure, nor iron, nor obstacle!
Long live Monsieur Dufour-Feronce!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In recognition of this extraordinary metrical feat, its author, Paul Valéry, was made a Member of the Subcommission of Arts and Letters of the International Commission on Intellectual Coöperation. Sic transit gloria poetae! M. Dufour came to Geneva from the London Embassy and has been engaged in diplomacy ever since 1918, the first year that this calling was thrown open to industrialists. Dufour tries, to the best of his ability, to guide the section of Intellectual Coöperation, but unfortunately it has proved one of the least fruitful efforts ever undertaken by the League, owing largely to the incompetence of a former language teacher from the Balkans who is secretary of the commission, and to a French inspector of schools. Between them, they have reduced one of the most significant activities of the League of Nations to dust and ashes.

THE Marquis Paulucci di Calboli Barone, whose title was granted him by Mussolini and belongs, actually, to his wife's family, which had no male descendants, was formerly head of the Cabinet under the Italian dictator, but he has now become an undersecretary general of the League and Director of Internal Administration. He enjoys a certain popularity and, of course, wears the Fascist insignia in his buttonhole on all possible occasions. Even the hood of his Fiat car is decked out with the same symbol. The Adonis of Geneva, Signor Pietromarchi, also works in this section. His romantic beauty makes all the young stenographers glow with rapture, and, although they apparently leave him quite cold, his life pursues a somewhat uneasy course. One of his colleagues, the gracious and motherly Princess Cristina Bandini, is much more pleasing than her compeer, the former Russian Princess Radziwill, who, faithful to her ancestors, works in the Information Section as a Lithuanian citizen (though it is an open question whether or not she has ever actually seen Lithuania).

M. Avenol is the French member of the committee and incidentally the only bachelor among the high officials. It was he who conducted irksome negotiations over the new League Palace, whose design and setting represent a universally unsatisfactory compromise. This structure, with its façade three hundred and seventy metres long, will possess the tremendous dimensions of Versailles, and it is a lamentable fact that Swiss conservatism blocked the plan of placing the building directly on the edge of the lake. Had this been permitted, the palace would have become one of the most noteworthy sights in the world, set in a magnificent landscape with Mont Blanc appearing in the distance across the lake.

If we penetrate further into the framework of the Secretariat we stumble upon the Legal Section, directed by the former Uruguayan Minister of Foreign Affairs, Juan Buero. This section does its best work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when its chief is on leave of absence. The bearlike Baron Van Ittersum of Holland, who, like so many other officials of the Secretariat, married a youthful stenographer, belongs to this section, along with the able Mr. MacKinnon Wood, son of a liberal member of Parliament, and the former German consul general in Rio de Janeiro, Dr. Barandon, who has never got over the fact that he himself is not director of the section. The Norwegian Erik Colban, faithful servant of all the Allied Powers, heads the Disarmament Section, for which he is paid an extra salary of 6,000 francs a year. He succeeded the recently departed Salvador de Madariaga, who has now become a professor at Oxford and a very prolific lecturer and journalist. The section concerned with health is led very successfully by the Polish Dr. Reichmann, or Rajchman, as he is now called. Dr. Olsen, the first German official appointed by the League of Nations, collaborates with him.

THE Economic Section is undoubtedly the most important department of the Secretariat. It is conducted by Sir Arthur Salter, an inaccessible figure hidden behind official and private documents. He does not know his associates personally, and spends a great deal of time in London, having organized his section entirely along English lines, to its everlasting advantage. Among the twenty-one nationalities represented in its members only one official wears a monocle, the Bulgarian, Vladimir Karakacheff. It is said of him that he looks down with silent disdain upon all those who do not wear monocles, commiserating with himself at having to sit in such dull society. In this respect the situation is much better among the nondiplomatic commissions. For instance, I was told that in the afore-mentioned Commission on Intellectual Coöperation four members wear monocles, perhaps only in Geneva: John Galsworthy, Paul Valéry, Gonzague de Reynold, and the Czechoslovakian writer, Jelinek.

Colban's transfer to the Disarmament Section left the Minorities Section sadly bereft, until Aguirre de Carcer joined it, to the great indignation of the Catalonians. His assistant, Señor Azcárate y Florez, is also a Spaniard of noble blood. The only female chief of section is Dame Rachel Crowdy, Lady of Grace of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem. During the War she played a heroic rôle in the British Army as organizer of the Sanitary Service, and she has recently directed the Social and Opium Sections of the League. Apparently she is able to keep men in her section only by the most determined efforts, three gentlemen having already departed. One of these founded, the day after he left, a sort of competitive office, the Anti-Opium Information Bureau, almost opposite the doors of the Secretariat. But in any case Dame Rachel's hour has struck, and, in spite of protests from innumerable women's associations, she intends to leave her position next year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Information Section, composed mainly of experienced journalists, is of unusual interest. There we find as director Pierre Comert, former correspondent of *Le Temps* in Berlin and Vienna; Cummings, who represented the *Manchester Guardian* over a long period of time; Dr. Beer of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and various others. The interpreters form the most gifted section and achieve real miracles of translation. The most original of these is Captain Russell. In high but sometimes forced good humor he translates incredibly long speeches without taking down a single word, and makes the most tedious orations amusing by imitating the orator. His superior is the well known English novelist, Geoffrey Dennis. Other than he there are no literary officials except, perhaps, for Piachaud, the local poet of Geneva. His wife, who also works in the Secretariat, draws twice as much salary as her husband.

THE great novel of the League of Nations has not yet been written. It is true that feeble attempts have been made in several languages, but none of them are worth consideration. The splendid material offered by the milieu of the Secretariat remains entirely unexploited. Nowhere else can you find such excellent stuff for romantic treatment as in the palace of the League of Nations, crowded as it is with political and social intrigues, sentimental tragedy, and pseudo-diplomatic comedy. This applies not only to the officials of the Secretariat but to the throngs who characterize themselves as 'auprès de la Société des Nations'—from the excessively blond Dutch journalist at sight of whom the only, and incidentally lovely, Siamese lady of the Secretariat endeavors to blush, to the well known Hungarian diplomat who cannot be left alone with a woman without becoming unduly importunate. It is a display of political and social wax works, whose individual exhibits have been contributed by the whole world and which has, in turn, the whole world for a public.

In September, at the height of the Geneva season, everyone of name or reputation in the diplomatic world forgathers here. Mrs. McCormick gives parties in the castle of Prangins, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi entertains guests at the Beau-Rivage, and Wickham Steed collects portions of the four-hundred-headed herd of journalists around him in the corridors of the Reformation Hall. The police of Geneva parade in dress uniform, with their traditional double-peaked hats. During these days the 'Republic and Canton of Geneva' expands, in comic attitudes, and for a few weeks plays the part of a large and important city, until at the end of the month the phantoms vanish and Drummond and Calvin alone hold sway.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CECIL SPRING RICE

Reminiscences of a Great Ambassador

By a *Times* Reviewer

From *The Times Literary Supplement*, London Weekly

ONLY THREE WEEKS before his death, while waiting to go home after his retirement from Washington, Cecil Spring Rice referred briefly, in an address to a Canadian club, to the historic day on which the United States entered into the War, in association with the British Empire and its Allies.

> I shall never forget a rainy evening in April when I drove down to the Capitol. The Capitol was illuminated from below—white against a black sky. United States troops were collected round it, not for parade, but for defense—and necessary, too—and the President came down. I sat on the floor of Congress. The President came in, and in a perfectly calm, quiet, deliberate voice he recited word by word, deed by deed, what Germany had said and done. At the end he said: 'I have told you the facts. We have several courses to take. One course we will not take, the course of submission.' I shall never forget the cheer I heard at those words. The die was cast; it was that there was but one course to be taken with honor, and that course was taken.

No note there of personal triumph, though that dramatic scene had been for him the crowning moment of a very full life devoted to the service of his country, which stands recorded in these volumes* as it

* THE LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS OF SIR CECIL SPRING RICE: A RECORD. *Edited by Stephen Gwynn. Two volumes. London. Constable. 42s. net.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never could have been had he not combined a genius for friendship with a gift of writing letters to his friends that make history to live and will live in literature. When he made friends, and he made many—among women as well as among men, for he delighted in feminine grace of mind and wit and beauty—they were friends for life; and he was never really separated from them wherever he might be, so long as he had pen and ink and paper. For him and for some of his nearest friends, a selection of whose letters is also included in these volumes, correspondence was conversation carried on at long range. A word of acknowledgment must at once be paid to the judgment and self-suppression with which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has performed his task of selection from a very large amount of material and confined himself to the thread of commentary needed to link up the successive groups of letters.

SPRING RICE'S letters cover as wide a field as the catholicity of his tastes and interests. He had the soul of a poet, warm family affections, and a keen appreciation of nature, besides the knowledge of history and the acute powers of observation which made him so far-sighted a diplomatist. He owed much to the twofold strain of blood he had inherited: Irish imagination and brilliancy and an inexhaustible sense of humor on the one side through his father, who was the younger son of the first Lord Monteagle; British steadfastness on the other, through his mother, who came of a sturdy North-Country family, the Marshalls. His liberal education he owed to Eton and Balliol, and he preserved for both his school and his university the lifelong affection which they arouse in those who carry away from them the best that they can give.

When, in 1882, he entered the Foreign Office, where his father before him had once served with great distinction, he was spared the drudgery of the routine apprenticeship, as he worked in the Secretary of State's room, first under Lord Granville and then under Lord Rosebery. By a singular coincidence his first diplomatic appointment abroad, as well as his last, was at Washington. There he at once formed friendships which were to endure to the end and which throughout his life nourished and stimulated his faith in the paramount value of close relations between the two great English-speaking nations of the world, which have so much in common and yet so many points of difference that it is often hard for them to understand each other.

> Looking back [he wrote at the end of his life] on my many years spent in Washington . . . the memory is one of a bright vista of friends. Whatever may be said of the relations, politically speaking, of England and America, one thing is absolutely certain—in no country can we Englishmen make such friendships.

A great number of letters show how lasting was the intimacy to which he was quickly admitted by the group of gifted men and women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who centred round Henry Adams—himself henceforth for Spring Rice his dear 'uncle.' But certainly the most remarkable of the friendships he then won was that of Theodore Roosevelt. The correspondence carried on for a long series of years between them is in many ways unique; for we can recall no other instance of such complete confidence and frankness between two men of different countries—one a distinguished and already rising British diplomatist and the other a dominant personality in American public life who was for many years President of the United States. Apart from the fuller light their letters shed on various developments of international politics, such as Roosevelt's effective intervention as peacemaker at the close of the Russo-Japanese War, the whole correspondence is conducted on a high plane of thought; and even when the two men sometimes differ they agree to do so in full reliance on the sincerity of each other's views and the importance of their common purpose, which was to draw their two countries together.

LIKE all diplomatists, Spring Rice was called upon to serve in a great variety of posts, but seldom at a dull one, and, anyhow, none could be dull for him. In every one of them he found scope for his wide range of interests. He spent several years in the East, in Constantinople and in Cairo, in Japan and in Persia. He served twice in Persia, and his years there were not politically his happiest. But the higher aspects of Persian poetry and philosophy appealed in him to a deep strain of mysticism that dated from his early schoolboy love and study of Thomas à Kempis; and he found real solace in them during the darkest days of the South African War, when he was far away at Teheran. It was then that, with the help of a Persian friend who was a scholar, he adapted and translated some romantic love stories that retain Oriental fragrance in their English version, though most people know him better as a delightful writer of English poetry, from a volume of his own *Poems* published many years later.

His three years in Berlin, from 1895 to 1898, in the early years of the Emperor William's reign, were those which set him for the first time speculating on the dangers that threatened the peace of the world from an overweening military monarchy and a headstrong young monarch. He was in Berlin when William II startled the world, and the British world in particular, by sending his famous telegram to President Kruger after the Jameson raid. But what alarmed him more than William II's dangerous impulsiveness in foreign affairs was the transformation which Germany and the German people themselves were undergoing under his erratic leadership. For Spring Rice was not of the old diplomacy, which was usually content to regard relations between different states as depending only on the relations between courts and cabinets, even under the most autocratic forms of government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He explored, so far as he could in a country in which diplomacy revolved almost exclusively round the person of the sovereign, the life of the German people, their thoroughness, the vigor of their industrial and commercial expansion, the hollowness of their parliamentary institutions, and the rigidity of their cast-iron militarism. Much of the pomp and circumstance of the Imperial Court provoked his satire. But all he saw tended to create in him the conviction which he summed up some years afterward in a few terse words: 'At the end of the eighteenth century it was the Revolution that was dominant and seemed the great danger to Europe. Now it is the Counterrevolution incarnate in Prussia.'

IN RUSSIA he had another opportunity of studying a military monarchy, one more autocratic even than that of Germany, but with feet visibly of clay, floundering in the corruption of an incompetent bureaucracy and still trying to close its ears to the first mutterings of the vast Russian masses, even to the first threatenings of revolution on Red Sunday in the streets of Saint Petersburg—the repercussion of the Russian disasters in the war with Japan. Increasing contact with the ways of the Russian government, the intrigues of Russian ministers at home, the bad faith of Russian agents abroad, the misery of inarticulate millions no longer content, however, to be dumb, provoked in him an aversion from Russia which amounted almost to horror. It finds full expression in a letter from Saint Petersburg, on January 4th, 1906, to Mrs. Roosevelt, to whom he often poured out his soul, even more unreservedly than to her husband.

> I *was* so much obliged for the book and it will be the greatest blessing to have a book of poems to read in this *awful* place. 'A land without order. Day even as night. . . . Throw down her bulwarks for they are not the Lord's.' The prophets read now in Church are the only historians capable of telling what passes here. . . . It is a fight in the dark, in the mud, with weapons which don't reach, and which are innocuous when they do. No one seems to say an articulate word, or to be moved by an intelligible or an inspiring idea. On the one side—autocracy, a little man with a snub nose, descendant of an alien and scarcely royal race, who is at the centre of this vast machine and the god of one hundred millions. On the other—nothing at all, not even a snub-nosed manikin —but just simply destruction.

Then, calling in aid, as he often did, the great poets as well as the Bible, he evokes from *Paradise Lost* the 'other shape'—that 'black stood as night. Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.' This is for him 'the only description which is worthy of it.'

His aversion from Russia was deepened after he had been transferred from Saint Petersburg to Teheran in July, 1906, at a time when the exigencies of the European situation induced England to come to an agreement with Russia, largely at the expense of Persia, as part of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general understanding which was to remove all points of dangerous friction between the British and Russian Empires in Asia. Crude and turbulent as were the first gropings of the Persian people after liberty, it was intensely repugnant to Spring Rice's liberal instincts to have to become, as it were, an accessory to their repression at the bidding of the Russia he knew and in order to save an effete and oppressive King of Kings who was, in effect, a mere pensioner and a tool of Russia. His nerves were overwrought and his health was indifferent when fortunately he was transferred to Stockholm in 1908, where he enjoyed three years of rest. But Stockholm was regarded as an important post of observation, and its value as such was not lost upon Spring Rice. From there he watched the darkening of the European horizon almost as closely as if he had been in Germany, as Sweden then gravitated in her orbit. In a letter written at the end of 1909 to Mr. Gerald Balfour, who was a warm personal friend, though Spring Rice was neither by family tradition nor by temperament a Tory, he summed up his views of the German danger in much the same terms as he would have used at any moment afterward, before the War. After recalling certain significant preparations for war in Germany, and clearly for war with England,

> The moral I would draw, which is the most commonplace one in the world, is—Let us remember how war was brought on in 1870; let us, before fighting, be quite certain that the cause is adequate and that our resources and means of defense are also adequate. . . . I think moderate people should remember what the danger is, and be prepared to meet it. They know that the typhoon season is coming on and they should make up their minds what they will do and how they will do it. . . . If we fall, the fall is final. We are not like Russia or China; we are a Parthenon not a pyramid.

His letters to Roosevelt equally show how he had come to regard a close friendship between Britain and the United States as essential, not only to their own best interests, but also to the world's freedom from the menace of reactionary militarism. With that thought uppermost in his mind, he welcomed his appointment as British ambassador at Washington in 1913, for it was the post which he had coveted above all others to crown his career; and, though it was no easy thing for him to succeed Lord Bryce, he rightly relied on the value of his own long diplomatic experience in America and his many American friendships. It was not, however, the Republican Party, among whom he numbered the most of his personal friends, that he found in power. President Wilson, then in his first term of office, was immersed in domestic politics, and Mr. W. J. Bryan, the secretary of state, with whom the ambassador had to transact all current business, was so obsessed with his arbitration treaties, even up to the outbreak of War, that he did not think it worth while to submit to the President a telegram from his ambassador in Paris in the last days of July urging that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States might and should do something to save the peace of the world before it was too late. Before he had to face the supreme ordeal of the War, Spring Rice, never very robust, was for a long time seriously ill. But he had quite recovered and was at home on leave, in the usual course, when the fatal bomb exploded at Serajevo. Part of that leave he spent, as usual, with his chief, Sir Edward Grey, who was also one of his best friends; but there was no time then for long walks together through the woods and over the hills which they both loved. He shared all the foreign secretary's poignant anxieties, with, however, less of the almost pathetic optimism to which Sir Edward clung up to the last days of the crisis of July, 1914. As soon as the die was cast—and he would not have had it cast otherwise—Spring Rice returned to his post.

HENCEFORTH we have no more causeries, grave or gay, but State papers written under the strain of as heavy responsibilities as a British ambassador ever had to bear. The pressure of official work and, before long, the risks of capture to which his mail bag was exposed by German submarines almost entirely stopped all private correspondence with his friends. We have, during the three years of American neutrality, the most important of a long series of confidential letters written to his chiefs in Downing Street, which form an invaluable contribution to contemporary history; for they reveal, often for the first time, the gravity of the dangers which threatened not infrequently our relations of amity, and even of peace, with the United States. The Foreign Office for many years refused to allow them to be used, unwilling, and doubtless rightly, to revive acute controversies which it hoped might remain buried after our comradeship in the War. But when they were revived on the other side of the Atlantic, by the publication of Colonel House's letters, which on many pages told only one part of the truth and often did less than justice to Spring Rice, the ban was raised. The essential materials, without which no accurate estimate could have been formed of the Ambassador's achievement during the crucial period of his career, were only then released.

Extracts can hardly be detached from their context in letters of which a mere selection covers over 270 closely printed pages; but we can now reconstruct in the light of them the story of those poignant years during which our relations with the United States frequently hung on a slender thread. A considerable section of American public opinion, especially in the Eastern states, was deeply outraged by the German invasion of Belgium and sympathized with England. But the country as a whole, brought up since the days of Washington to keep free from European entanglements, was satisfied that America should and could remain neutral. On the other hand, the German and Irish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans, whose solid votes made them a power in internal politics, were bitterly hostile and determined to leave no stone unturned to create grave embarrassments, and if possible a conflict, between Britain and the United States. Abundant opportunities soon came to them in the difficult and complicated issues which arose out of the exercise of our sea power to restrain neutrals, including the United States, from carrying on a maritime trade, direct and indirect, with Germany, who came more and more to depend upon it for the raw materials essential to the prosecution of the War and to the maintenance of her people. The German Embassy in Washington became the centre of an intensive propaganda which often did not shrink from the secret organization of violence; and it was used at the same time by Berlin to disseminate the belief that Germany would welcome the end of a war which the Allies were bent on waging for her destruction. German submarine warfare introduced a new factor which was ultimately to be decisive. The sinking of the *Lusitania* and of other ships in which American lives were lost, and even of hospital ships, successively outraged the conscience of all that was best in America; but President Wilson, with the bulk of the country behind him, still clung to neutrality, until, in 1917, the ruthless submarine campaign, proclaimed in defiance of American warnings, goaded him and the American people into belligerency. Throughout that period Spring Rice had to keep his government as fully informed as possible not only of the secret activities of our enemies but of the fluctuations of public opinion, of the play of political parties, and of the policy of the President, often inscrutable and always inaccessible. Here his knowledge of America and of American politics was invaluable to him. For if he had to carry out his instructions in discussing with the American administration the intensely critical issues raised by our interference with American trade, notably by the extension of contraband to cotton and the 'blacklisting' of a number of firms in America suspected of trading with the enemy, he knew how to analyze and explain the many and diverse motives, often of party politics, which actuated the measures and utterances that cut us in England to the quick and seemed almost deliberately intended to cripple us in the conduct of the War.

TO MANY American readers to-day his criticisms of the United States during the period of neutrality may sound severe and even bitter, for he had a caustic pen. But they will note that his one purpose throughout was to steer Anglo-American relations through the rocks and shoals and to plead with his government, however much aggrieved they might feel, for infinite patience and caution in all that was not absolutely vital, lest some fatal incident should provoke an irreparable collision between us and a power that genuinely wanted to avoid war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and had, in fact, been immensely useful to the Allies by continuing to supply them with an inexhaustible stock of War materials in the face of the strongest German protests. One is amazed to remember that Colonel House was trying to get Spring Rice, who always speaks of him in friendly terms, superseded in Washington—as well as Mr. Page in London—and describing him as an 'irrational' ambassador and by implication a danger to peace, while all the time Spring Rice was pleading with his government the peculiar difficulties of the President's position, and even asking them to consider whether in similar circumstances we might not ourselves have acted just as selfishly, and whether we had, indeed, acted much better during the American Civil War. His knowledge of American psychology satisfied him that it was better for him to leave the task of educating the American people on the moral aspects of the struggle to the raging propaganda conducted by the German Embassy and to the frightfulness of German warfare. It was for him, he believed, to interpret the American attitude, when his government resented it, in such a way as to avert the breaking of the material strain it involved on Anglo-American relations, until the moral strain involved in the toleration of Germany's proceedings became intolerable even to a nation and a President so intent upon peace. How accurately he had gauged the President's attitude appears from Wilson's own language at his farewell audience at the White House—one of the rare occasions on which the ambassador had been received there. The President was extremely cordial.

> He said that when he had first seen me after the War began he had told me that his chief preoccupation was not external but internal. There was the imminent danger of civil discord, the country was divided into groups which did not understand one another, which were of different origin and which at any moment might fly at each other's throats. There was evidence of a long-planned agitation which at any time might lead to most serious results. The nation was only nominally united. That at least was the substance of the reports which had reached him. That was his main preoccupation during the first year of the War. . . . The problem which an American president had to face was in the main a psychological one. He had to gauge public opinion. He had to take the course which commended itself to the great majority of the American people, whose interpreter he was bound to be. No action could be taken, or at least usefully taken, unless it received the support of the great majority. It was not so much a question of what was the right thing to do from the abstract viewpoint as what was the possible thing to do, from the point of view of the popular condition of mind. It was his duty to divine the moment when the country required action and to take that action which the great majority demanded.

Spring Rice made no comment, but merely declared

> that we could almost endure with equanimity all the horrors of this terrible struggle if they led in the end to a close, sure, and permanent understanding between the English-speaking peoples. If we stood together we were safe. If we did not stand together nothing was safe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT WOULD have been well for all concerned, including President Wilson, if Spring Rice had lived to be consulted during the Paris Peace Conference. For with extraordinary prescience he had warned his government, from the moment when the idea of a league of nations was raised and the President made it his own, that the American people, with their traditional dread of European entanglements, would never allow themselves to be committed to the use of force abroad, even in the service of such high ideals as those for which the League of Nations was to stand. The treaty-making power itself, he reminded his government, was not vested in the president, but in the Senate, and President Wilson's popularity was waning, as the presidential elections had already shown in the autumn of 1916, though he then succeeded in securing reëlection, mainly on a policy of continued neutrality.

But his voice was hushed, even before the War had reached its end. As to the circumstances in which he was abruptly asked to vacate, for Lord Reading, the Washington Embassy which he had himself offered to resign as soon as his usefulness as a diplomatist was, in his opinion, exhausted with the entry of the United States into the War, there are many touching letters from American as well as English friends to show how deeply they resented the extraordinary lack of consideration with which Downing Street then treated him. He himself felt it, but never complained. He went to Canada with his wife and children to wait for passages home, and, with his scrupulous sense of duty, he would not ask for them until the shortage of shipping relaxed, as while he was ambassador he had always refused to press for facilities for those who were not directly engaged in War work. A few weeks later he passed there, peacefully but quite suddenly, to his rest. There he lies, but his own noble lines, beginning

> I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
> Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,

are inscribed in letters of gold at the end of Eton's Golden Book, in which are recorded the names of all her many sons who fell during the War. The same lines were deemed worthy to open the national Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey for the King's recovery. No finer tribute would Spring Rice have desired to his memory, as all those will feel who learn to know him in these fascinating volumes, with his human imperfections and his rare qualities of mind and heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

'Black Elijah' Passes On

WILLIAM WADE HARRIS, whose missionary zeal on the West Coast of Africa won him the title of 'Black Elijah,' died recently in his native Liberian village of Garraway at an age of more than eighty years. The news, which had been rumored for some time, was definitely confirmed and amplified by a young British missionary, the Reverend W. J. Platt, who first made Harris's story known in 1925, when the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society discovered that fifty thousand illiterate blacks had been weaned away from fetish worship and had organized themselves into Christian communities. This astounding state of affairs turned out to be the work of a single man, 'Waddy' Harris, who began life as a laborer and was converted to literacy and Christianity at a Wesleyan Church in Lagos.

Fired by his new faith, Harris dressed himself up in a turban and a white robe, with a red band round his shoulders. Carrying a bamboo staff in his hand, he wandered from village to village like an ancient prophet, refusing money and preaching to his audiences the simple gospel that there is only one God and that Christ died on the Cross to save mankind. He urged his hearers to abandon fetish worship, to build churches for their new God, and to get Bibles which white men would some day teach them how to read. With an organization consisting of a preacher and twelve 'apostles,' he persuaded fifty thousand Ivory Coast natives to renounce their old way of life and become 'Harris Christians.' But the extraordinary thing was that most of his hearers stayed converted. Even after he had left them they erected substantial churches and purchased English Bibles.

When the news of Harris's prowess reached the outside world, it was at first greeted somewhat incredulously, but when the Methodists undertook to continue his work they were amazed to discover the hold he had acquired. Finding a single Christian community of twenty thousand souls already in existence, they doubled its numbers within a few years, thanks entirely to the groundwork laid by the 'Black Elijah,' who, in the meantime, had quite disappeared. A French pastor, however, encountered Harris in 1926 and described him as follows:—

> One sees in him a strong and well-preserved body, his broad shoulders carrying a head proud and expressive. His muscular arms and strong legs are those of an athlete. He always speaks vehemently. He is not gifted of words—nothing but the great conviction. As I listen to him I feel that this man has got something of the accents of the great prophets; their convictions, their uncompromising spirit, their divine enthusiasm are found again in him.

From what authentic accounts of Harris's activities one can get, he appears to have been more of an Old Testament than a New Testament figure. By expressing in his life and words the simple emotions of his simple people, he did more than most white men to make Africa safe for Christianity.

Interviewing Alain Gerbault

ALAIN GERBAULT, the lone sailor who achieves a spectacular escape from mankind in his little boat on the high seas, was discovered one noon by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some newspapermen at luncheon in the beautiful Chateau d'Arcangues. A cultivated Frenchman of intellect as well as courage, he announced some interesting opinions to an interviewer from *Comœdia:*—

At noon, when Gerbault appeared in the garden of the chateau, the birds seemed to sleep, but they soon recognized him and began to chirp and sing as if they were conversing about him.

'What wonderful birds,' he said. 'It must be pleasant to hear them every morning.' Then, turning to the Marquise d'Arcangues, 'It was kind of you to invite me in this informal way. I really hate the world, and if I had thought one stranger would be here, I shouldn't have come. Everything which may tie me to land, or hinder my freedom, frightens me. All I want is to leave again as soon as possible, as soon as I can get a new boat—a smaller, sounder one. I brought the old *Firecrest* to Paris out of courtesy to the Minister of the Navy. But it is condemned, and since it was my companion I want it to meet an end that is worthy of it.'

'What sort of end?'

'I should like to tie it to some rock on the shores of the continent from which I set sail, so that only the wind and sea could beat it to pieces, as the sole judges of its fate. If Le Havre forbids my doing that, I shall lose no time in sinking it myself, rather than give it to a museum, or to some other owner.'

Later in the afternoon, when I resumed my conversation with him, he became quite animated.

'After such a long absence, I thought I should feel deep pleasure in seeing my country again, a feeling I only have when I am with friends. But do I need to return? My friends are in my heart. They live in my boat even when I am far away, so that my country goes with me. I carry it in the folds of my sail. Mine is not a large boat, to be sure, but it is saluted with as much respect as any other! People are foolish to think that my solitude is due to ill health or to disappointment in love. I am sick with longing for space, in love with immensity. It pleases me to think that my example may help to make some other eyes clearer, other muscles younger, other souls more naïve. I haven't time to explain my way of life, and, besides, we should have to speak like poets, or gods, perhaps even like birds!

'When my new boat is ready I hope to buy a little island in Polynesia. I believe I even own one already, since somebody has given it to me. And I shall set up a population there of my own choice, of choice people.'

'Europeans?'

'Oh, no—natives.'

'And then?'

'Then I'll never come back!'

The Newest French Modernism

IN THE BENIGN LIGHT of Paris, a group of French writers have put their heads together and announced the birth of a new literary movement. They call themselves 'Populists,' a name that sounds more like nineteenth-century American politics than twentieth-century French literature. Nevertheless, the founders of the new school, André Thérive and Léon Lemonnier, have taken pains to define themselves in this typically Latin manifesto.

We are tired of the *chic* characters of snob literature; we wish to portray the people. Above all, we wish to make a conscientious study of reality. In a certain sense we are opposed to the naturalists. Their vocabulary is out-moded to-day . . . and we also reject the dead weight of their social theories, which merely deform their literary works. We shall preserve the enduring qualities of their school, especially imitating their courage in the selection of subjects, and we shall not shun a certain cynicism, nor a certain triviality, especially when we are dealing with paradoxes that appeal to people of taste. We are turning to the humble, modest, mediocre folk who constitute the bulk of society and from whose lives tragedy comes. A small group, we are banding ourselves together under the banner of André Thérive as the 'Populist novelists.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To judge from this description, the 'Populist' school seems to have come to the United States some time ago in the works of Lewis, Dreiser, and related writers. Our bookshelves are crowded with accounts, some of them distinguished, of the daily lives of 'humble, modest, and mediocre people.' But since French influences usually affect us in some form or another, we shall no doubt have still another kind of 'Populism' over here, though there seems to be no reason to expect an immediate change.

Letters of a Chilean Conquistador

PEDRO DE VALDIVIA, conqueror of Chile, receives a new tribute in the publication of his letters by a committee connected with the Chilean section of the Seville Exposition. It is a splendid facsimile edition, with five hundred folio specimens, edited and annotated by José Toribio Medina, a distinguished Chilean scholar.

Valdivia was a notable *conquistador*, and his letters reveal higher sentiments than those which currently prevailed in his day and locality. Though primarily soldiers, the *conquistadores* served as statesmen also, founding cities, making laws, and initiating a vast colonial development. It was a day of personal rivalries, ambitions, and greed, when success depended equally upon the mercies of savage tribes, and the whims of a distant court. In this atmosphere, Valdivia emerged as a heroic figure, until the day when he was cruelly put to death by the Araucanian Indians.

It is questionable, however, whether the letters are really his. An eminent historian, Diego Barros Arana, maintains that they were the work of Valdivia's secretary, Juan de Cárdenas y Criada, a man of some learning, with a sharp wit and facile pen, who wrote an account of the voyage of exploration made by Pastene in 1544. But Cárdenas was a charlatan, whose works abound in exaggerations and inaccuracies, and it seems unlikely that he was the author of these simple, direct epistles. Furthermore, he never referred to them, even after Valdivia's death, when he was free to claim them as his own, and, for this reason, Crescente Errázuriz, perhaps the best authority on Valdivia, believes that they are the work of the conqueror himself. He points out, also, that Valdivia revealed unmistakable literary talent in two long reports addressed to the king and the Indian Council.

The letters have been previously translated into English by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, in a book entitled *Pedro de Valdivia, Conqueror of Chile*. Whether they are authentic or not, they throw historical light on the New World in the days when, in the words of Cervantes, it was 'a refuge of the despairing sons of Spain, church of the homeless, asylum of homicides, haven of gamblers and cheats, general gathering place of loose women, common centre of attraction for many, and the effectual resource of very few.'

Publicity à la Poe

THE FINDING OF A MAN'S BODY in a coffin in a wood near Versailles is the gruesome outcome of a fantastic publicity stunt in which Clement Passal, alias the Marquis de Champaubert, buried himself alive to advertise his memoirs. This bogus nobleman was a notorious swindler who had served a term in prison, and the *Daily Telegraph* gives this description of his various activities:—

> It is recalled that in 1924 a number of jewelers in the fashionable quarter of Paris received an invitation from the 'Marquis' to come to his chateau near Dinard and to bring a certain amount of jewelry with them. The result was that the police visited the chateau . . . as a result of their inquiries, the 'Marquis' was told that he had better clear out.
>
> After he had gone, the police examined the chateau, and there they found a windowless room which had been ingeniously arranged so that chloroform fumes could be pumped into it, slowly but continuously. The room was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beautifully furnished, but every possible outlet of any kind had been carefully stopped up. The police also discovered a considerable quantity of chloroform in the chateau. There is no doubt that the 'Marquis de Champaubert' had arranged this room for the reception of the jewelers from Paris, and that his intention was to rob them of the jewelry in their possession by pumping chloroform into the room where they would await his arrival.

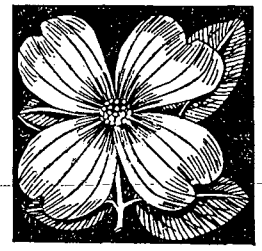
Passal made equally sinister and elaborate plans for his final hoax. The wood for his coffin was selected in a shop in Paris, and he carefully chose the site of his tomb while he was out for a walk in Verneuil Wood. In the meantime, he composed anonymous letters to the police, intimating that the 'Marquis' had been the victim of a mythical secret society, and describing the spot of his burial so that he could be rescued.

There was even a dress rehearsal for the burial, for Passal, having made his coffin and prepared all the other details, settled himself for some hours in the roughly fashioned box in order to discover whether he would be comfortable.

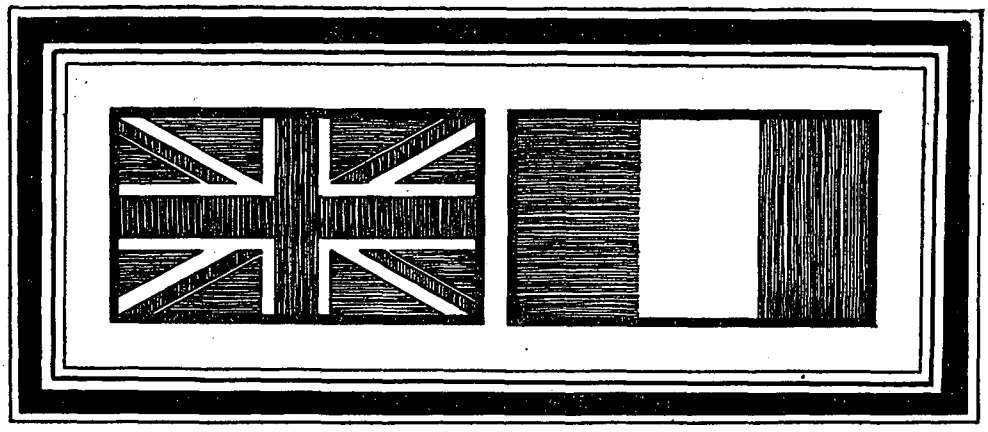
Then came the scene of the burial. Passal, after having lain down in the coffin, took off his trousers in order to use them as a pillow. Having also set aside a packet of chocolate, he caused himself to be lowered into his grave after the lid of the casket had been screwed down in the usual fashion. The grave was then filled in and Passal left to his fate. Five feet below the earth's surface he lay with only one little tube to connect him with air and life. It has been pointed out that, if he had had two tubes, he might have been unearthed alive, but he had overlooked in his careful preparations the necessity for having an outlet as well as an inlet.

His anonymous letters were at first disregarded by the police, who arrived too late to save his life. 'The man's face, according to one statement, showed that he had suffered agonies of hunger in his coffin prison before he died.'

Aside from the story's tragic aspects there is a certain irony in that, as an advertisement, it is probably a complete success. The incident caused a sensation in the Paris press, and will undoubtedly help the sale of his memoirs, if they ever appear.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MACDONALD AND HERRIOT

By Jacques Bardoux

Translated from *Le Temps,* Paris Conservative Daily

EDOUARD HERRIOT is a large man and J. Ramsay MacDonald a big man. Edouard Herriot is fat and J. Ramsay MacDonald muscular. J. Ramsay MacDonald wears with equal ease the short trousers and tweed waistcoat of the golf player or the silk knickerbockers and gaudy tail coat of the diplomat. Edouard Herriot buttons himself up in a black waistcoat such as they wear in Lyon and would certainly believe he were betraying the Republic if he exchanged his stubby pipe for a less banal and more elegant smoking apparatus. His coarse, short hair, his heavy, square shoulders, and his strong features offer a complete contrast to the keenness of his expression, the subtlety of his smile, and the mobility of his face.

But, when one examines his physique at close range, he bears much less resemblance to a former workman who is trying with some difficulty to imprison his muscles in bourgeois dress. Rather does he give the impression of an old student, embarrassed in his attempts to adapt his natural gestures to the conventions of society and unable to forget the free and easy manners of the Bohemian life.

For, of these two men, the one who looks more like the son of the people is actually less so, as far as ancestry is concerned. Herriot is a descendant of a bourgeois family in Champagne; MacDonald, a member of an impoverished Scotch household. The one was brought up in a family of officials; the other by two women. The one pursued classical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

studies at a bourgeois college; the other, primary studies at a poor grade school. Herriot's intellectual fermentation took place at the normal school in the seminary in the rue d'Ulm; MacDonald spent solitary evenings as an apprenticed chemist and lived in a hovel in London.

Ramsay MacDonald bears the impression of poverty supported with courage and of a knowledge acquired bit by bit, though certain elements of this knowledge have been gradually effaced by love and by the passing of time. M. Edouard Herriot bears the mark of a vital intellect and a literary refinement that radical vulgarity and democratic merriment have been unable to efface.

THESE two essentially different types of intelligence neither think in the same way nor devote themselves to the same subjects. Edouard Herriot's intelligence, rooted in literary romanticism, is more lyrical than constructive, more oratorical than political. The intelligence of J. Ramsay MacDonald, penetrated alike by scientific idealism and realistic classicism, observes facts and criticizes systems. He can expound with precision and refute with vigor. The turbulent Chamber of Deputies and the busy mayor's office in Lyon permit Herriot only a few leisure hours, but he spends them writing enormous books. MacDonald utilizes the long vacations permitted to him by an easy-going Parliament and by a disciplined party in writing small brochures. Edouard Herriot speaks little or not at all of his travels. J. Ramsay MacDonald draws most of his best inspiration from them and, when he is not describing them, he is editing, with equally laconic skill, manuals of socialist propaganda. Edouard Herriot, on the other hand, prefers either to discourse or to write at length on Madame Récamier, Normandy, or Beethoven.

These numerous volumes of his, with their long, obscure chapters, betray his singular inability to classify and order his material, to build up his work constructively. But all his books reveal a knowledge and a curiosity worthy of any university professor both in their accuracy and in their universal scope. From a literary point of view many of them also contain a great verbal richness and frequent literary touches that linger charmingly in one's memory.

Edouard Herriot turns his astonishingly diverse gifts to getting every possible effect out of the French language, using, with equal skill, the most archaic expressions and the most up-to-date technical terms. From his vast vocabulary, he extracts singularly artistic effects of harmony. His prose is extraordinarily varied, whether he is describing forests or a single flower, whether he is depicting the entrance to the city of Minerva or the vision of the Château d'O, whether he is on land or on sea, whether it is a revolutionary general or a Normandy church that engages his attention, whether science or music inspires him. Always his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art is modulated and all the varied elements in it charm the eye with their skillful composition and bewitch the ear with their sonorous effects. Such success Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will certainly never achieve. His eloquence, which I have characterized elsewhere, has nothing literary or oratorical about it. He has never written long pages discussing whether or not Mme. Récamier was able to experience and give to others the joys of love. Of course, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald's library contains certain poetical works, but he accords less hospitality to novels and refuses psychologists an audience. Most of his space is reserved for historians, geographers, and moralists. The only two biographies he ever dreamed of writing were to deal with two Puritans, Cromwell and Knox, and if he had written them they would no doubt have read like his little brochures and would have lacked profound experience, literary knowledge, as well as any richness of spirit or image. They would have been the product of the straightforward pen of a poor, laborious schoolboy.

THESE two men are as different in sensibilities as they are in intelligence. No doubt Edouard Herriot is more emotional than most Frenchmen. The generosity of his sentiments rather than the refinement of his thought raises him above the more petty and crude radicals, and, though his natural good-fellowship may have led him into inexcusable indulgences, it certainly has produced in him generous impulses such as most professional politicians never yield to. But, if it were possible for J. Ramsay MacDonald and Edouard Herriot to vibrate and to feel mutual sympathies for certain injustices, that sentimental sympathy could only be temporary. They do not feel in the same way any more than they think in the same way.

Edouard Herriot's emotions, exterior and rapid as they are, can be read on his features and betray themselves in his tears. J. Ramsay MacDonald's emotions are always slow and obscure and never betray themselves either by a nervous twitch or a tear in the eye. His gestures are hastily repressed and his emotions quickly extinguished. Herriot teems with varied vehement sensations; MacDonald is stirred by profound sentiments, but only on rare occasions. Edouard Herriot possesses the sensibility of a Mediterranean artist, a latter-day romanticism, pagan and wistful. MacDonald possesses the sensibility of a rude Puritan Scotchman, a Christian and an optimist. The cult of the Bible inspires and permeates Ramsay MacDonald; the cult of beauty obsesses Edouard Herriot. In the life of the English Prime Minister, there has been one great love, one noble drama. In the life of the French Minister there has been nothing of the sort. MacDonald has a family gathered about the hearth; Herriot lacks even a single cradle. In the one, life continues; in the other, it is already ebbing away.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN CALCUTTA

A German Journalist in India

By C. Z. Klötzel

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt,* Berlin Daily

THE CALCUTTA CITY HALL is a big structure of red brick, but the Conference Chamber of the municipal councilors looks like a little throne room. Its chairs are the kind from which it is almost impossible to raise oneself.

The handsomest of all these chairs belongs to Mr. Jatindra Mohan Sen-Gupta and it stands higher than the rest on a platform of its own. Mr. Sen-Gupta has just been elected mayor of Calcutta for the fourth time. 'Lord Mayor of the second city of the Empire,' the British visitors call him, thinking that they are paying him a compliment. But when he himself is greeting guests in the name of his municipality he speaks of the 'first city of the East,' for Mr. Sen-Gupta is a nationalist, like the voters in the three biggest cities in India,—Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras,—who are of a predominantly nationalist complexion. Furthermore, his local administration is in continual conflict with the activities of his Excellency, the Governor of Bengal. At the moment, for instance, the municipal engineer of Calcutta is devising great schemes for a subway which he wants to have built even before the city replaces its gas fixtures with electric lights. Until the present time this official has always been an Englishman, but now an Indian has been chosen, a man who received his technical education in Europe. The Governor, however, has not confirmed the appointment since he believes that only an Englishman can accomplish such a difficult task.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Sen-Gupta receives me surrounded by his fellow officials, who greet me as a European authority on municipal politics. The various gentlemen ask me most politely all kinds of questions that I cannot possibly answer and I notice that they keep repeating one observation—that Germany enjoys the highest reputation of any country in all matters pertaining to technique and organization. America formerly held that position, but a certain American lady, the oft-quoted Miss Mayo, wrecked matters completely, for Indians will have nothing to do with people who think themselves superior.

I then go on to tell the gentlemen how marvelously my lovely native city of Berlin has prospered since the War and I invite all of them to come and see it for themselves. They would gladly accept my invitation but it will probably be some time before they can do so, for passports to travel abroad are not issued by the Mayor but by the Governor, and the Governor, as I have said above, is not in sympathy with the Mayor.

Mr. Sen-Gupta is also good enough to invite me to his house. He does not live in an official villa, but in a modern rented house which was built in accordance with the latest principles of housing. His wife is an Englishwoman and the whole atmosphere of the house is English. At first I am afraid that we shall find ourselves talking business, but I have made a mistake. Mr. Sen-Gupta has done me the honor of inviting to meet me the loveliest women he knows—with their husbands, of course.

'I could have introduced you to a group of politicians,' says my host, 'but I think our women will inspire you to write better things about India than anyone else could.'

If India is to have foreign ministries like Canada and South Africa, I could ask for nothing better, my dear Mr. Sen-Gupta, than to have you see to it that the charming lady who sat next to me should be sent to Berlin. There is no need for her to understand anything about politics or tariffs. She does not need to learn a word of German. She needs only to show herself to the gentlemen on the Wilhelmstrasse as she reveals herself to me, and we shall do everything, everything that she wishes.

I AM seated in the lofty, cool writing room of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, surrounded by old pictures and marble statues, waiting for Professor Johan Van Manen, the secretary general of that learned society. In order to kill time I read the list of Patrons, Officers, Council Members, and Fellow Medalists issued on December 31st, 1927. As the title indicates, this book is the product of a highly developed caste system in which I at last discover one bit of ground that the English and the Indians share in common without jealousy or mistrust, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place where they can stand side by side. But I quickly detect a difference of emphasis. The Indians have names of impossible length and extraordinary melodiousness, whereas the English go in for mysterious abbreviations. Here for instance, are two typical names I find next each other: Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Shastri, C.I.E., M.A., D.Litt., F.A.S.B.; and Major R. B. S. Sewell, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., F.L.S., F.Z.S., I.M.S., F.A.S.B. One thinks of chemical laboratories and apothecaries' shops.

Professor Van Manen has only four letters after his name, F.A.S.B., meaning Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, but, in order that he may not face the world stark naked, he also has Esq. written, too, though it is a mere fig leaf, which causes me to reflect that men must always carry some outer trappings, but that a person who can go through life without any decorations at all wears those decorations inside, not outside.

This professor of mine is the finest type of scholar one can meet. He is a reflective Dutchman who has spent thirty years in India saturating himself in the wisdom of the country, yet remaining, at the same time, a good European full of admiration for the soul of Asia though refusing to capitulate to it. If I judge him aright, he is not only the driving force of the entire learned society to which he belongs, but he is also the oil which keeps it running smoothly. His political neutrality arises from his own objective personality. He pays no attention to the color of a man's skin or to the number of initials behind a man's name, but cares only for a person's intellectual achievement. It is possible that other members of the society know more about India than he does, but no man judges India more wisely than he,—not even the Indians themselves,—and to such a man one dares propound those foolish questions that persistently burn in one's breast.

'PROFESSOR,' I demand, 'I have spent two months in India and everything that I have seen leads me to believe that these men are completely different from ourselves. How different it is hard to say, and why they are different I have no idea. You can, of course, refer me to your library, but I have not time to read it through and probably the answer to my question is not to be found there. But you have spent half a lifetime here. You love its people, yet you have not lost your European critical sense. Can you explain them to me?'

'I can at least tell you what I consider significant, though it is only one factor among many. Race, culture, intellectual traditions, all enter in, of course, but the climate is the most potent factor of all. In my opinion the great difference between men in the tropics and the inhabitants of temperate zones resides in their attitudes toward the forces of nature. The European has conquered nature. He has over-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thrown it. He has made it his slave. He stands above nature. How could he do otherwise? If you go away from Berlin and come back again in ten years, your house may grow shabby looking and become filled with dust, but your goods and chattels remain inviolate. But here, if you leave your dwelling for only ten months with no one to look out for it, a palm tree will probably grow through your roof, cobras will be nesting in your bureau drawers, and your books will be devoured by white ants. A final, decisive struggle with nature was never necessary in these parts. The mere struggle to exist is not difficult in a land where bananas virtually fall into your mouth. Hence man limited his struggle with nature to the irreducible minimum and devoted all his energies to spiritual things. When Europeans came, the Indians looked upon them as a kind of natural phenomenon that could not be understood, but now they are just beginning to learn from these same Europeans how to conquer nature, which comes hard to them.'

Professor Van Manen then takes me to a meeting of the curators of the university. I find a group of learned men, Englishmen and Indians, sitting around debating what to do with some money that has been left to the university. In Europe the matter would have been settled in five minutes in court, but here they argue about it for hours on end. The room in which this conference takes place is lofty but worm-eaten. Hundreds of pigeons have made nests in its balconies and they often coo so loudly that you cannot hear the speaker's words. The Indian can discover by subtle reasoning any scientific system, he can investigate the soul of a plant; but he is powerless against pigeons, for pigeons are nature.

PROFESSOR VAN MANEN introduces me to a young Indian instructor who takes me to the ancestral home of Rabindranath Tagore, which is situated in the oldest quarter of Calcutta. A few steps away traffic is roaring in a crowded thoroughfare, but the street that bears Tagore's name is empty and still. Solitude embeds his ancient home.

The house of Tagore is a distinguished and patrician dwelling, very extensive and rather dark inside. My guide obviously knows it intimately. After we have walked up a broad flight of stairs and across a dimly lit room that looks quite uninhabited, we emerge on a long veranda which opens on a garden of unbroken green. Three steamer chairs are placed at equal distances on this veranda and to the right of each chair stands a little tray and, to the left, a silver hookah, or water pipe. In each of the three chairs lies a Tagore. No, Rabindranath is not here. They are three brothers, nephews of the poet, if I am not mistaken. Two are painters and one a musician. I am told that they are very modern, that one of the painters has written a well known book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Expressionism and that he paints in this style himself. The musician goes in for Stravinsky.

Their heads are magnificent, but how old! The youngest, whose hair is still dark and whose eyes glow with fire, resembles the monk of Heisterbach just awakened from a thousand years' sleep. The eldest has shorn his hair and his nostrils are thin as paper. He looks exactly like the Pharaoh Rameses in the Cairo Museum. The man between them appears to be a prophet and his face is timeless.

I sit down next the monk of Heisterbach. My visit has caused hardly a movement. The three Tagores merely greet me by nodding their noble heads politely. The monk is painting. He shows me a sheet of vellum about half the size of my hand. It is a miniature as delicate as the work of some Japanese artist. As he continues his painting, he launches into a talk punctuated by pulls at his hookah and inveighs against the lack of taste in India. The old arts are dying out. The sure grasp of form that made the old artistic masterpieces so lovely has disappeared and the amazing sense of color has gone, too. Once upon a time all the arts of India were flourishing—pottery, weaving, and metal work. Even the house painter had a feeling for art, but nothing of the sort exists to-day. Naturally the European usurper has much to answer for, but he is not wholly responsible for the decline. The soul of India is sick.

THE TWO other Tagores sit motionless in their chairs looking with timeless eyes into the green of the garden. The little puffs of smoke from their hookahs are the only indications that they are alive. But as I am about to take my leave they rise and Pharaoh Rameses asks me if I should like to see the house. I am surprised, for I believed that the other two had entirely forgotten my presence. And now we go from room to room, and behold, we are in a museum or, better still, a temple decked out with all the loveliness of ancient India—pictures, bronzes, ceramics, and, above all else, tapestries. There are scraps of cloth from Kashmir, gathered, perhaps, from some rubbish heap, torn and tattered, but lovingly cleaned and pressed by the superhumanly elegant hands of this Tagore so that they again glow with a wondrous beauty. The whole great house is full of these things and these things are at home here. Yet they are all nothing more than an appropriate background for these three old men, these three old patriarchs, for their low, tired voices, and for the slow pulse of their aristocratic blood.

A child enters, a little Tagore, for the family has not yet died out. Pharaoh Rameses bends over him and lifts him to his knee. The child's face nestles to the cheek of the old man and their eyes are side by side. They are the same eyes, and the eyes of the boy are as big, as dark, and as wise as the eyes of the gray-haired man. Eyes of eternity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN NOTES

Impressions of a Visiting Journalist

By Georges Lechartier

Translated from *L'Esprit International,* Paris Internationalist Quarterly

WHAT PARTICULARLY strikes a foreigner returning to the United States after an absence of three years is the change in the general appearance of the cities, the atmosphere of contentment and the gaiety of the people in the street, and the signs of prosperity everywhere. If the visitor lands in New York and then goes to the South, visiting also the Middle West, the West, and the Northeast, he is continually being astonished by the prodigious growth of industrial activity and by the immense natural resources that each state seems to possess. Above all, he admires the exact methodical efficiency that manifests itself everywhere. The greatest possible production is attained with a minimum expenditure of human effort and a maximum of human well-being and general satisfaction. If the visitor comes from Europe and from France, he is particularly interested in the development of the popular mind and in the importance attached to all enterprises arising from state, city, or community spirit. Finally, in whatever state or city he may be, he is continually surprised and charmed and overwhelmed by the spontaneous amiability, by the desire to be of service that he encounters everywhere, but above all in the South, and that he also finds in people of every class and of every degree of education. Indeed, this amiability is apparently the fundamental characteristic of the American people,

But when a traveler first returns to the United States, he is particularly struck by the changes in the skyline of New York and by the swarms of ferry boats and ships of all sizes and nationalities carrying the commerce of the world. New skyscrapers now tower above the old ones. The Woolworth Building no longer stands alone. Story upon story has been added to its neighbors and one seems to be witnessing a construction race reaching ever higher into the heavens. This elongated city whose size is limited by two rivers can no longer contain its ever-growing population. Not being able to spread out it must raise itself higher and higher.

Only yesterday it contained four or five million inhabitants, and no one to-day questions the fact that it will have ten millions before ten years have passed. What will it look like by that time? Where will its skyline stop? The imagination recoils in amazement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This first impression—this *quo non ascendam?*—continues to make itself felt as the visitor's voyage continues, becoming symbolic of the life and soul of the nation. Every new region that he visited, this traveler kept realizing more and more clearly that the whole country is growing and changing, searching feverishly and insistently for new forms of progress, pursuing tirelessly a lofty economic ideal which continually grows more exacting and can only end in perfect prosperity.

WHEN the foreigner makes his first contacts with American life, he will be astonished at the great number of popular institutions —universities, schools, libraries, and hospitals—that were founded and that are still being maintained by individual generosity. And the more he gets to know about this life, the stronger this impression becomes and the more it arouses his admiration. In no country but America do so many men who have acquired vast fortunes have a clear conception—one might almost say a conviction—that their wealth was not acquired by them alone but that it places a responsibility upon them, a duty to give something back to the community which aided them in acquiring it. This surplus fortune they consecrate to the erection of hospitals, asylums, public parks, golf courses for employees and workers, but more often they give their money to pay for educating and increasing the intelligence of their fellow citizens. They make bequests to universities and libraries and they found or endow institutions for the promotion of scientific research or for the propagation of some such humanitarian idea as the furtherance of international peace.

The same spirit manifests itself even more generously in the bequests made by financial groups and associations of business men. The American Association of Commerce has ramifications in all the big cities and in each state of the Union. Its first object is to facilitate commercial relations between its members, but it also devotes itself to improving public institutions and to raising the standard of living, especially among the working population. Every local branch of this association provides funds to build schools, roads, and parks. It drains marshes, stocks ponds with fish, and helps out the Boy Scouts. It erects good-looking buildings that enrich and embellish the city and the state.

This public spirit, this *socialité*, that makes itself felt on every rung of the social ladder, is reflected in the characteristic American love of public life, of forming into groups, secret associations, and clubs. It reveals itself in the prompt succor given to those in distress, as well as in the maintenance of public institutions, forests, and parks. Yet at the same time this highly cultivated public spirit also harmonizes and conciliates private interests, subordinating them to the higher good of the community. Unquestionably, it is one of the chief expressions of American idealism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This idealism is something that Europe has never understood. In point of fact, no people in the world is more thoroughly idealistic than the Americans. One must be completely ignorant of their character and their history, one can have no conception of the enthusiasm that swept them into the War and that determined their conduct after they had entered to be able to say, as some people do, that the Americans joined the Allies only when they saw clearly that their security was menaced and that their commercial future would be compromised if Germany won. It is possible, certainly, that such a calculation may have entered the heads of certain important men at the time. But that it was the dominating thought of the American people or of the American President, everyone in direct contact with American life will flatly deny.

The truth is that the American people entered the War unreservedly and with an incredible enthusiasm, once they had been officially informed that certain liberties permitted by their Constitution had been violated. At once they understood that American principles and American ideals commanded them to act.

ON THE other hand, Americans are not always directed by idealism alone, though such a human attribute surely need not be emphasized. Nations, like individuals, do not bear the uncompromising stamp of a single character, devoid of all nuances. The leaders and governors of America, as well as the vast American public, have a keen practical sense that sometimes, indeed often, causes them to act in a way contrary to their idealism, especially when this idealism cannot impart itself to a transaction involving purely nationalist interests. But, after all, this method of procedure is not peculiar to the United States, though we on our side of the Atlantic are disconcerted by it. For we cannot understand how a nation that poured out its gold freely during the War, that aided the unfortunate and came to the assistance of those in distress, now refuses to make a sacrifice in its own interest a hundred times less than the sacrifice it made in the War, a sacrifice that would lead to nothing more or less than the economic restoration of Europe and of the entire world. We therefore denounce Americans for their incoherence, their hypocrisy, and their inconsistency, though we ourselves keep offering unconsciously the same kind of contrast.

By nature the American is almost ingenuously idealistic, but he insists that his government deal with business matters, and especially with international business affairs, on a business basis. It is this attitude that has often puzzled Europe, particularly in relation to War debts.

But how many elements in American life are involved in this issue and how can one fail to recognize the rôle that domestic politics in the United States plays when a change in régime occurs? How is it possible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ignore an issue involving the principle of the inviolability of contracts, and why, above all, refuse to recognize the effects engendered in America by the astonishing attitude adopted by certain debtor nations who have not hesitated to demand in violent language what could only be gained through the good will of the creditor?

Many people in the United States to-day recognize the common cause for which we fought and realize the responsibility America shares in paying for losses in a War where her vital interests were at stake just as much as the vital interests of any other country. The most eminent intellectual leaders, the most important professors and journalists who represent and maintain the highest form of American idealism unceasingly proclaim their country's responsibility and urge debt cancellation as the best means of assuring the economic revival of Europe. The same movement has also won the support of an important group of bankers who have long realized that the United States would have more to gain from the recovery of Europe than it can possibly get by collecting debts. But many political and individual interests are at stake and we, for our part, have done everything to turn American opinion against us. Time will be needed to change this opinion, but the change will come in the near or distant future. To wish, however, that it arrive too soon would compromise everything.

BEFORE leaving France we read the words of a distinguished authority who remarked that the United States is drifting further and further away from Europe. Nowhere did we see this statement confirmed. On the contrary, everything we saw and heard tended in the opposite direction. But let us make a few distinctions. The inhabitants of Oregon and Washington are not drifting away from Europe for the simple reason that they could not possibly be further away than they always have been. Europe does not interest them. They ignore it. Their interests are all directed across the Pacific toward China, the Far East, Japan, India, and Australia. What happens, not only in Europe, but even beyond Chicago, engages their attention not at all. We met any number of such people all the way from San Francisco to Portland and they invariably affirmed that they had never been east of Denver and had no desire to travel further in that direction. When they travel they prefer to take a boat to Yokohama or Shanghai, where they know people and do business, rather than go to Europe, where they know nobody and have nothing to do. European affairs occupy but little space in their newspapers. If you talk to them about debts or reparations, you are amazed how ill informed they are and how little interest they take. But the question of American influence in Japan and problems relating to Prohibition, farm relief, and the tariff occupy them much more, indeed almost exclusively.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But if one goes East one quickly detects a difference. Popular interest again turns toward our side of the Atlantic and the policy pursued by Washington tends more and more to echo the fears and aspirations of the American East in such matters.

It seemed to us that the wave of isolation that broke over the United States after the War, and especially after the 1920 session of Congress devoted to the Peace Treaty, has already receded and there is every indication that it will recede still further. The American Government has long understood that the United States has been too much involved with Europe to be able to play for any length of time the rôle of disinterested observer that it at first assumed. For never has the United States actually been closer to Europe than it is to-day, regardless of how its diplomacy may deny that fact. Cast even the hastiest glance at recent American influence in Europe. The Dawes Plan, that for five years regulated one of the most important European problems, was an American plan. The Young Plan, too, is American. And the official adhesion of the United States to the International Court of Justice at the Hague, arranged so skillfully by Mr. Elihu Root, has received the full approbation of President Hoover. Unquestionably this is the first step toward the official and final entry of the United States into the League of Nations. On our side, it is an undeniable fact that Europe can accomplish nothing without the intervention and approbation of the United States. Can we then, in the light of what we have seen and heard, guess at the future relations between the United States and Europe? In the unparalleled condition of prosperity that the Americans enjoy to-day what tendencies are drawing them closer to us?

RECENT history assures us that a mystical, proselytizing faith in prosperity has been built up. But when one nation becomes stronger and more prosperous than another, it is inclined to believe itself predestined and elected by the will of a superior Providence to make the world achieve this same form of happiness in the same way. Such a nation strives to apply abroad the methods that have proved successful at home. If this nation is autocratic and hierarchical, it will not hesitate to resort to force in imposing its methods in the name of the divinity that inspired it, in dominating the world in order to set up a dominating hierarchy. Confident of its judgment, obsessed with its power, infallible in its own eyes, it will put its military force in the service of the heaviest kind of economic materialism in order to enslave the whole world. But if this nation is highly idealistic and religious and if it is traditionally evangelistic, it will guard itself against excess. It will try to teach and educate other nations and lead them by persuasion and of their own free consent, in the name of the highest Christian idealism, to its own happy state of perfection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have constantly and on all occasions proclaimed that this second highly idealistic tendency now exists in the United States. But we have also occasionally detected the tendency to impose one's own law of happiness on the world in the name of Providence whether the world wants that law or not. Various chance conversations in smoking cars, at dinners, and at business men's lunches, to say nothing of certain newspaper articles, gave us this impression. We have heard it said that international peace, the first condition for the happiness of all people, could only be assured by the Kellogg Pact as long as this pact had 'no teeth' in it and that peace should and could arise from a decision arrived at by the great business men of all nations and the heads of the international cartels, who in turn should be organized by the big American industrialists on the model of their own steel trust. In short, there seems to be a new article of faith that America is destined to control the world through its economic and financial power.

Will the United States of to-morrow be carried away by this dangerous tendency? Called upon on numerous occasions to act as international arbiter of European disputes, will it allow itself to be duped by this seductive mirage and will it wish to be the economic dictator of the world on every occasion? Or will it remain faithful to its ideals and traditions, conscious of realities and respectful of the liberties of others? Will it confine itself to aiding the harassed and poverty-stricken people of Europe, lending its immense power and its infinitely rich resources to the high humanitarian service of coöperating with other countries? That is the most vexing question that faces Europe to-day. Even all that we saw and heard during our marvelous visit does not allow us to hazard an answer. But the great act of signing the Kellogg Pact renouncing war, the enthusiasm it aroused, as well as what we ourselves know of the state of mind it aroused and the expressions that it stimulated in the conscience of America, seem to justify the highest hopes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIGNETTES OF ITALY

Countryside Impressions

By Ehm Welk

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

'OH, DO LOOK at that woman,' cries the enraptured Lady at my side as she directs my gaze out the window of the compartment. 'I wonder if Correggio himself ever found such a model for a Madonna!'

In front of the little railway station in Mandela sits a young woman. Oblivious to her surroundings she smiles with sweet graciousness upon the baby at her breast. And, as she looks up, an almost divine purity radiates from her gentle, timid face, which inspires the Lady at my side to conclude that such beauty does not exist among the lower classes of northern countries.

After a wait of ten minutes the narrow-gauge train still refuses to progress and, since the conductor believes that there will be still further delay, I decide to alight for a brief stroll. Perhaps out of feelings of absurd propriety, I alight on the opposite side from the nursing madonna and discover two shaggy brown goats, an elderly mother goat and a young kid, standing on a pile of wooden railway ties. But the kid is restless, and leaps hither and thither among the ties, bucking against the old goat. Taking a good running start, he rams his mother squarely, but she has planted her legs firmly and lets the little fellow test his strength. Now and then he misjudges his run, tumbles down, scrambles quickly up again, draws himself together, and retreats proudly with his hind quarters higher than his lowered head. Unwearied, he renews his attempts, sometimes gently, sometimes violently, always trying to force his mother's legs from their position. Not once does she look at him. Her inscrutable eyes of lustrous brown gaze out over the square, fixing themselves contentedly on some point in the distance.

Cries and laughter make me realize that the train is pulling out. I dash off in pursuit and it stops for me, for they are thoughtful people here and, besides, the passengers now have an opportunity to see what was detaining me. Standing on the train step I turn to watch the end of the drama.

The Madonna has risen to her feet and walks along between the rails. She beams at us laughingly, turns to the goats and says, 'Pscht, pscht,' raising her right arm threateningly. The old goat reluctantly turns her head around, looks at the woman and jumps precipitately down from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heap of ties as if she had seen something malevolent. The kid bleats anxiously, gazing fondly at its mother, whereupon the woman bends over, picks up a thick stick and presses the sharp-cornered piece of wood forcibly against the body of the little goat, while she clasps her baby securely to her breast with her free arm. She bears down so heavily against the kid's side that it falls head over heels off the pile of wood. Whereupon she gives a ringing laugh. The train pulls out. 'Such a thing would be impossible in Northern Europe,' says the Lady at my side indignantly.

A STORM overtakes us on the steep path leading down from the Capuchin cloister to the village of Subiaco. On the way up I had noticed a low, open, dilapidated chapel and by the time we reach it, coming back, rain has already begun to pour in torrents. A sacred niche, some eighteen inches deep, with the Lord Jesus and two saints fastened to its back wall, is shut off by a broken wooden grating which I remove from its hinges and lay across two stones that have fallen out of the altar. There we sit protected from the storm, with only the tips of our shoes stretching out into the wet. Meanwhile the path in front of our feet has rapidly become a foaming brook. We look down from the mountain slope into the valley through an opaque gray veil and, when the thunder claps become unusually violent, the Lady recoils in fright. And once she asks, casually and with a certain undertone of assurance, whether what we are doing constitutes desecration of a sacred place. From my store of Biblical knowledge I prove the contrary to her satisfaction, and, in order to confirm my good conscience in the matter and reassure her completely, I light my pipe, executing first a courteous obeisance to the saints. For it is growing cold, and it appears likely that there will be thunder, lightning, and rain for at least two hours more.

Suddenly a flash tears its way through the rain and reveals a donkey standing on the path, fastened to a peg by a long rope. His head is hanging down below his knees and he does not move a muscle though water is running from his body down all his four legs, making four little supplementary brooklets in the surging path. Two more rivulets drip from his nose and the tip of his tail. He has laid his ears in a horizontal position and looks exceedingly comic in spite of his sad plight, almost like an animal Charlie Chaplin. 'Poor beast,' the Lady sympathizes, 'do bring it inside!'

Good-naturedly I ask what the object of this move would be, pointing out that the donkey has already become wet to the skin during the hour and a half that the cloudburst has lasted, whereas I am still tolerably dry, except for my feet. But the Lady insists that unless I go she will fetch the creature herself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is extremely difficult to untie a wet Italian donkey rope. My pipe goes out with a hiss, every drop of rain penetrates my thin summer suit, and a stream of water pours into my collar. And when I have untied the donkey the beast obstinately refuses to follow me. I tug at him, jerk him, and curse him, and finally drag him along. But no enticement or compulsion can persuade him to put anything more than his head and neck under cover of the holy niche. His hind quarters remain out in the wet.

My knees are so wet that a stream of water flowing over them from the donkey's head disturbs me not at all. The Lady has made a place for us by drawing back into the most remote corner. At brief intervals I favor her with a smiling, philosophic glance, since the donkey stupidly thwarts all attempts at conversation. And, as time goes on, increasing dampness and cold bring a slight atmosphere of sadness to the sacred spot.

For this reason we are agreeably surprised when an old woman suddenly appears in front of us. Grumbling unintelligibly she snatches the rope from my hand, clouts the donkey over the back with a rod, curses him, and leads him away. For an hour and a half the good woman had left the animal standing in the storm and when we took him in with us she thought he had been stolen. For this error of judgment on her part the innocent beast will doubtless receive a sound thrashing.

In the afternoon, as we are sitting in the only café this little town can boast, a great many people come to look at us and laugh. When I ask a small boy what is so remarkable, he points to the height where the chapel stands and runs away.

SUBIACO is a mountain town. Many of its streets twist over one another in corkscrew fashion and its houses look like heaps of bricks carelessly thrown together. Its inhabitants dwell in windowless rooms, many of which are hewn out of rock or built of weatherworn stones piled one on top of the other. Merry singing and a repulsively sweet odor rises from these gloomy hollows into the hot blue sky. Hand artisans crouch over their work in the doorways, leisurely pregnant women stand about, and children, cats, and refuse fill the gutters. Magnificent poverty and romantic filthiness abound here, but the Lady happens to have a slight cold which stops up her otherwise susceptible nose and so, amid cries of amazement, she takes eighteen snapshots in an hour.

Along the main street comes a small, mangy donkey with large casks hanging on either side of him and sitting between them a beautiful young country maiden swinging her slim legs and bare feet. I take a picture of this naïve display. We can fully appreciate the girl's loveliness because whenever the little donkey bends in his hind feet a little she says, 'a-a-i-i-ja,' turns her head and gives the animal's projecting backbone a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sharp blow with a stick. This procedure takes place in a mysterious rhythm, always with the same beat. Precisely at every tenth step the donkey bends in his right hind leg, the maiden calls 'a-a-i-i-ja' in a clear voice that echoes sweetly and melodiously along the street, then turns her beautiful head, looks up with merry eyes, and brings the stick down with a crack on the donkey's back.

In front of the meat shop the girl stops and jumps to the street. Calling something into the shop she goes to the donkey, reaches into one of the kegs and pulls out a tiny live lamb whose four feet are tightly bound together. Like a market woman in Germany grasping for a bunch of carrots, she reaches again and again into the keg on the donkey's back without looking at what she is doing and drags forth one living lamb after another, tossing each one in a high arc through the door of the shop. Each keg contains eight live lambs, tightly packed together. Only one of them, with hanging head, says 'Baa.' The long donkey ride has reduced the others to a state of complete indifference toward life.

The unloading of the second cask lasts a little longer, for somewhere about the fifth lamb two uniformed men of the city police step up to the beautiful, dark girl, and for a few moments they seem to be conversing. Perhaps the men conduct themselves a little boldly, for when the girl begins her work again and fetches out the sixth lamb, she takes it by the ear and playfully strikes at the policemen with it, causing the lamb to cry out. And perhaps the unloading of the second keg lasts longer than it might because the Lady now chooses to approach the policemen in righteous anger. But they regard her laughingly, listen to her attentively, look at each other and at the girl, and finally shake their heads in complete noncomprehension. They do not understand what the strange lady wants. 'Still, I do speak good Italian,' says the Lady in astonishment, not grasping the riddle at all.

SEEN from the high left bank of the Anio, the city of Subiaco becomes almost utterly unreal in the evening hours. No less than seventeen ranges of hills, mountains, and rocks cut across each other behind the town, and multi-colored layers of cloud intersect in their turn the lines of the earth. Everything is drawn in water color, only the large thick clouds directly overhead are done in oils. Beneath them the red glow of the sun spreads over the four roads that cross in the low-lying fields. The enchanted silhouette of the towering, dark city looms constantly higher against the sky. The air is full of the fragrance of acacia.

The Lady and I sit silent in the deep, rich grass against a wall of rock. Suddenly we hear a rustle from the rock behind us and upon investigation we find that there are several low doors in the rock, almost hidden by stinging nettles. We are not long in discovering what purpose these rock caverns serve.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'To think that people can shut animals in such holes!' The Lady, filled with missionary zeal, forgets the sunset. What kind of air can there be in there? Do people call this a stable? Look, the doors are not locked, and there is such nice grass out here. Let's let the poor donkeys out for as long as we are here! Conscientiously I object to the proposal, asserting that such action is probably punishable by law or may at least prove unpleasant if the owner of the donkeys should come along. For I still have in mind this morning's incident with the donkey. But the Lady goes to a door and opens it. Meekly I try to help her.

After staring for some time with all our might into the darkness of the rocky cave we at last discern two donkeys whose heads are turned away from us. 'Call them out,' says the Lady. I call but the donkeys do not budge. Then the Lady begins to allure them in polite tones: 'Come, come little gray fellow, come here, Muli.' She acts as farm girls do when they are calling in the chickens. But the donkeys do not move, even when the Lady lays before them a few handfuls of grass that she has laboriously pulled up.

'Donkeys are willful creatures,' I tell her apologetically.

'Come along, let's go down to the valley,' replies the Lady. Forty-five yards from the bridge of San Antonio there is a little house in a flower garden, overgrown with roses to the very roof. For a little while we stand outside the fence. The Lady produces her camera and tries to take a few pictures in spite of the lateness of the hour. But she has no success and resigns herself to appreciative contemplation.

Three women and a man have come up behind us unobserved. They are on their way from the fields, carrying bundles on their heads and walking barefoot. One of the women, who looks about thirty years old, has a large sheaf of roses in her hand. She walks quickly away from the group, laughs graciously, selects three exquisite roses from the sheaf, and balances her bundle on her head as she says, 'Please, *Signora!*' When the Lady, surprised and touched, tries to thank her and reaches for her pocketbook, the woman runs back to her friends crying, 'No, no, my lady! That is to give you joy.' At this the Lady is truly embarrassed, which makes the others so happy that they whisper about it among themselves. Whereupon the woman again steps up to the Lady, lays the whole sheaf of roses in her arms with a magnificent gesture, and smilingly goes on her way with her friends. The muddy soil is slippery and gives way under their bare feet. Twice, three times they look back at us with joyous eyes.

'To think that a strange woman would give another flowers in the street or that a working woman would give them to a lady—can you imagine that happening at home? They are really a delightful people!' And there is amazement in the Lady's eyes as they follow the little group until it presently vanishes in the dismal streets of San Antonio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO POEMS

By G. W. Russell (Æ)

From the *Irish Statesman*

Beauty and Science

(After reading A. S. Eddington's *Science and the Physical World*)

The star-gazers turn to earth star-dazzled eyes
And find it hollow as air, a cavern lit
With faint electric constellations, all
Whirled inconceivably to deceive the sense.
From these frail, fiery infinitesimals,
That, were they still earth, would not heap a spade,
The apparition of earth and we ourselves
Are builded. So their mathematic proves.
But, heart, we can prove their mathematic to have erred;
There is a still, lovely, unaltering image
That has glowed like an ever-burning lamp
Within the psyche for these many years.
How could that still, unaltering loveliness
Be fashioned from light fires that wander only
In the orbits that their mathematic shows.
Or, if indeed they be, they are mind-governed
And yield to beauty which may be the power
Our science seeks that can break up the atom.
For, at the first thought of that loveliness
Within the psyche, the image began to shine
As if those delicate lights had ceased to circle
Around their suns, and hurrying to the image
They had grown still within it, lighting there
Myriads and myriads of their fairy fires.

'The Things Seen'

The shadow drifted apart leaving the shadowless soul;
A high, winged, glittering, airy creature of the sky.
What had we known of it but a fugitive flash of wing.
We had been drowned in our own shadows, you and I.

Our love was breathed upon phantom lips; shade wrought with shade.
Oh, beloved, it was not I, but the shadow, who cried
That bitterness, who stabbed. Oh, world, they were shadows, too,
Who bound their gods to the cross, and those that were crucified.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

American and European Wages

THE JOINT ATTEMPT OF Henry Ford and the International Labor Bureau at Geneva to investigate European labor costs has occasioned some misgivings in France. A leading editorial in the influential *Journal des Débats* suggests that there is a nigger in the wood pile somewhere and warns the European workman against the dark designs of American exploiters:—

America, by reason of her wealth and the profits she has already obtained, and the generally favorable conditions that she enjoys, would be able to maintain for a long time a level of wages that European industries would be incapable of meeting without running into great peril. What would be the result of such a policy? A veritable dumping of American industrial products in Europe. European industries, at once placed in a position of inferiority, would be bound to suffer from unemployment and would finally find themselves at the mercy of American financiers; and the employers would not be the only victims. The workers, too, who had enjoyed the ephemeral pleasure of being seduced by the prospect of high salaries, would be the eventual sufferers from this unemployment, which would finally place them, too, at the disposition of foreign capitalists. We must be grateful that this aspect has not escaped the attention of labor leaders, though the condition that they fear has not yet actually arrived. Perhaps Mr. Ford's investigation will be limited to the objective which it has officially announced for itself, but it is necessary that we should be warned in advance of possible consequences.

The Cocktail Menace

BECAUSE A GREAT NUMBER of modern customs and contraptions had their beginnings in the United States, many Europeans find it convenient to ascribe all their recent afflictions to America. Certainly that is the case with the cocktail habit, which seems to be ravaging the ancient civilization of France in a way that has aroused scientific circles to expressions of extravagant alarm. The Académie de Médecine has taken to issuing broadsides against the pernicious cocktail cult, and Dr. Edmond Locard, a celebrated professor, delivered himself of this passionate outburst in the columns of a certain scientific journal known as *La Vie Lyonnaise:*—

Some weeks ago, in *Le Monde Médical*, Dr. Henri Bouquet drew attention to a perilous invention—the cocktail in the home. The United States instituted this fashion, although they officially renounced it when they went over legally to the present dry régime, and now that they have caused it to become popular in Europe they are blaming us for having done exactly what they did. Everyone knows that the cocktail was originally a mixture of whiskey with brandy or gin. Ingenious spirits, however, began adding new and highly varied ingredients. They would put in an oyster, the yolk of an egg, or cherries, which was by no means a bad idea, but they also took to adding champagne, rum, anise, absinth, or Angostura bitters. Every barman had his own receipt and baptized his mixture with some flamboyant name. It has not yet become a usual practice for women, and especially for young girls, to perch themselves on high chairs in front of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bar, though it is happening more and more often, but, if we are to believe the great scientific reviews and the august Académie of Médecine, 'certain people have installed in their apartments a bar where all these drinks are mixed in accordance with certain immutable rites, and this bar has replaced the boudoir of an earlier day. It has become a matter of *amour propre* to invent new formulas oneself, and, since the basis of all these drinks remains the same, one mixes every kind of essence with a more than sufficient quantity of alcohol.'

If I may join my own humble experience to that expressed by these masters, I must relate how a certain charming hand offered me a combination in which Chartreuse found itself united with mustard. I tasted, I swallowed, but I shall take good care not to expose myself a second time to this ingurgitation.

But there are other academic revelations as well: 'It is not rare nowadays to see young married couples being given cocktail sets as a wedding present. These sets are charmingly made and possess perfect elegance.' The results of these petty sins, according to the masters, are 'nervous disorders, modifications of character, and even epileptic fits, which are perhaps somewhat responsible for the increase of automobile accidents.' Is not this last menace enough to make the drunkards themselves take thought?

A Japanese Discusses American Prosperity

ISOH ABE, a member of the Japanese parliament and leader of the Japanese Labor Party, has been discussing American prosperity in the columns of a paper called *Chuo Koron*. It is his fundamental belief that the well-being of any country does not depend either upon the number of its inhabitants or upon the amount of its natural wealth but rather upon the proportion between these two factors. By restricting immigration and practising birth control the United States has kept down its labor supply and has thus been able to pay the worker good money:—

It is the general idea that the shortage in natural resources is the chief cause of national poverty, but I think differently. Natural wealth is like property bequeathed by our forefathers. Its absence does not form the cause of poverty. By the skillful regulation of population in adequate proportion to national wealth, nations can lead a comfortable life. As a case in point, we cite Hawaii, where living conditions are by no means inferior to those of continental America. The islands do not abound in iron, wood, oil, or water power, but they supply the world with sugar, coffee, and pineapple. They are not wealthy in natural resources, yet are envied as the paradise of the Pacific. This is because the population question is not acute.

Population becomes dense through immigration and natural increase. In proportion to the extent of land, American population is still sparse, yet the Americans altered the immigration law to exclude Asiatics and to limit numbers from Europe. Not content with the rejection of immigrants, the Americans have had recourse to birth control. A stringent law forbids it, yet birth control is a general practice with all classes and the Government refrains from enforcing the law, recognizing birth control as necessary. Volitional as birth control is, it forms the greatest cause of American prosperity. The gradual shortage of labor accounts for the extensive use of machinery, with the consequent increase of motive power. The rise of wages is answerable for the comprehensive application of mechanical power.

Edison's Successor

FORTUNAT STROWSKI, Professor of Literature in the University of Paris and a member of the Institut, has been poking malicious fun at the recent attempt to select a successor to Thomas A. Edison. The idea itself seemed absurd enough, but the method in which it was carried out was what really excited the good professor and gave him an opening to attack the American cult of holding examinations:—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For in America examinations are not used to discover whether the candidate knows how to analyze, reason, and order his ideas on a certain subject or a certain problem. What they reveal is whether he is able to reply exactly and instantaneously to a great number of petty, precise questions. His examination book then reveals the extent of his education and the rapidity of his mental reactions. An agile, well-ordered memory is the first essential of success.

The successful candidate naturally did not meet with Professor Strowski's approval:—

Certain malicious gossips have asserted that the successful candidate had been tipped off in advance, but he was not chosen without some difficulty. Five candidates had answered all the questions on their examinations perfectly and were therefore called to appear before a jury which quizzed them further. Finally young Wilber B. Huston was designated as the 'wizard,' or 'genius,' of Edison. He is the son of an Episcopal bishop and his answers to the examination show that he is one of those Americans who made Renan so angry. 'I should like to know,' said Renan nearly sixty years ago, 'whether the Americans, with all the virtues that their temperance societies and vegetarians have cultivated, have done as much for humanity as the smallest Italian Renaissance town with all its vices?'

Siegfried on America

IN A RECENT INTERVIEW, André Siegfried has further expounded some of the ideas about the United States that made his *America Comes of Age* receive immediate recognition as a classic. Questioned as to his views of the future of America and of Europe, M. Siegfried first drew attention to American mass production and then went on to indicate a parallel development of quality production in the Old World:—

The whole American system is designed to replace men with machines, and two reasons force it to pursue this course. Because of the high American salaries, the utilization of human labor becomes very expensive. On the other hand, the genius for original creation does not exist. The American system kills it. The American is a genius at inventing but he does not know how to invent a plan. Also, in the field of quality production, America is handicapped in relation to Europe. What was once a drawback for Europe therefore becomes an advantage, for Europe has more resources of individuality than America, more inventive gifts and more creative genius.

But it seems to me that Europe is going to try to standardize itself in order to be like America and that America is going to attempt to develop quality production and it is probable that Europe will remain second best in quantity production and America second best in quality production. I should also be inclined to prophesy a differentiation of work between the two continents, with America selling standardized automobiles, typewriters, and adding machines and Europe selling choice products, delicate food stuffs, and machinery involving delicate measurements, such as is used in sugar refineries or certain particularly difficult bridges. With that system, each one will retain its personality.

In conclusion, I believe that our epoch is tending more toward mass than toward quality production. It is probable that Europe will standardize itself. It is less probable that America will come to be like France. In terms of world history, therefore, America represents the phase of to-morrow and Europe the phase of yesterday. From the point of view of the well-being of the masses and from the social point of view, America is vastly superior. From the point of view of true civilization in contradistinction to production, Europe excels America.

American Women Explained

RICHARD CURLE, a British citizen who has spent many years in the United States, has written an entertaining disquisition on the women of America in the columns of the London *Daily Tele-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graph. Some of his arguments are familiar enough, but here are a few paragraphs that cast new light on one of the most perplexing problems in the modern world:—

In their ruthless struggle, at first against the forces of nature and later against their business rivals, American men came to concentrate their idealistic sentimentalism on their womenfolk. They represented to them the romance of contrast, and thus they insisted in seeing in them all those qualities in which they felt themselves to be deficient. In brief, they put them on a pedestal.

And yet, just because they have been put on a pedestal as superior beings, who must not be soiled by the rough and tumble of the contest for existence, American wives are permitted to concern themselves very little with their husbands' careers. Of course, they are the inspiration and the encouragement, but there is a strict line of demarcation between business and home, and few men take their wives much into their confidence in regard to their affairs.

And that, perhaps, is one of the reasons why there are so many bored women in America. The pursuit of business is a consuming passion with the American man; and his wife, being left much alone without the feeling that she is sharing in his problems, turns to society, to politics, to any fashionable craze, in the hope of finding for herself an abiding interest or an outlet for her vitality.

Though the Americans are a highly strung race, American women on the surface are not as temperamental as European women, or as much given to inexplicable changes of mood. This, no doubt, is due to their modern training, and to the fact that so many of them have to carve their own way in the world. But, basically, they are more changeable, through their longing for new experiences and their desire to express their own personalities. Their strength is, in a manner, their weakness.

To sum up. They are a tremendous power in the land—an open power, not a subterranean one as in Latin countries—but it is a power confined to the social sphere. America is being built up by men, but it is women who are moulding the edifice. Thus we are presented with the paradox that, while this is the most feministic of all countries, it is also the country where men have most opportunities.

America and the League

FOR THE FIRST TIME in years, the possibility of the United States' joining the League of Nations is being seriously discussed in the foreign press. The *Manchester Guardian*, England's foremost Liberal paper and a staunch supporter of Geneva, goes so far as to say that America must join the League if that institution is to survive:—

It is perhaps unwise even yet to hint at the possibility of the United States' becoming a member of the League. But it is fairly obvious that ultimately she must either join or destroy the League. The League of Nations can not permanently exist—at least it can not permanently justify its title—unless the United States are either a member or working in such close coöperation with it as to be in effect a member. One of the most necessary tests which it is possible to apply to any proposed course of action by the League is whether it will hasten or retard the date of America's entry. That is not simply because the United States are the richest and most powerful nation in the world, but because they are the most detached nation and because they would therefore bring to the League, if they were members of it, a weight of moral authority such as no other power could hope to exercise.

American and German Athletes

DR. OTTO PELTZER, the crack German middle-distance runner who has competed against American athletes both at the Olympic Games and in the United States, draws some interesting comparisons between the training methods in his own country and those that prevail over here:—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has often been said that the American athletes who have visited us in recent years and who have almost always been successful owe their prowess to their superior strength. Others assert that Americans train so scrupulously that their athletes cannot keep in the pink of condition for any great length of time because they quickly burn themselves out. The rough idea seems to be that, on the one hand, Americans produce a very powerful type of athlete but that, on the other hand, they make careless use of this human material. In my opinion the latter observation is quite mistaken.

It is of course true that American training methods produce very powerful and skillful athletes. Though they may not long remain in the pink of condition the reason is that first one man and then another proves successful. Furthermore, no individual allows himself to be beaten often, for as soon as his ability falls off even slightly he stops competing.

In our country, the athlete burns himself up much more quickly. If he is good he goes from competition to competition, always driving himself to the utmost, and he lacks sufficient muscular stamina to stand the strain. The result is that his skill declines, and by running too often he loses his rational form. That was why, in the past year, our short- and middle-distance runners stood up so badly against American and other foreign competition. It was obvious that they were trying their hardest, but they lacked the ability and the technique to prove victorious.

In point of fact, the Americans do not run with better form than we do. On the contrary, I believe we are superior in all technical matters. The American only believes it necessary to get himself in the best possible physical condition. Nature has given him sufficient strength and he makes full use of it. Would it not be a good thing if we, who have attained technical perfection in the matter of form, should attempt to make our young athletes stronger, and have them exercise not two or three times a week, in summer only, but every day and for the fun of it? The present system in Germany will never produce the powerful average type which is the basis of America's success in sport.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND PEACE

A century of stationary population in all the countries of the world would do more to usher in an era of universal peace than all the disarmament agreements and anti-war treaties that have ever been penned.—*Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology, New York University.*

Opening the gates to war by announcing that one will not defend one's self is no way to secure peace. If we suppressed our army, we should soon become the prey of every seeker of disorder and of all the savage forces that menace our society. Such is not the will of God. The Gospel says to turn the other cheek, and that is the only Christian attitude in the face of personal injury. But in defending His principles Jesus Himself once seized a scourge and drove the money changers out of the temple.—'*Journal de Genève*,' *Geneva.*

The peoples of the world are in advance of their governments in respect of disarmament.—*Lord Robert Cecil, British delegate to the League of Nations.*

The cause of Peace has a tragic history. Except for the handful of firebrands and financially interested people, who, unfortunately, are to be found in all countries, there is a general volume of world opinion that war is wrong and ought to be abolished. But on no subject has there been such a lack of practical common sense. Men and women while talking endlessly of peace have failed, in the past, to take the elementary precautions of creating the necessary machinery to bring their dreams to fruition.—'*Daily Herald*,' *London, Labor Party organ.*

The next generation will not have our experience, and now, by honoring our dead and holding them in great reverence, there is just the danger that a new generation, rising up without the knowledge that we have of the pain, of the horror, and of the sacrifice made by the dead, may translate what is in our hearts, 'the romance of sacrifice,' into what is not in our hearts, 'the romance of war.'—*J. Ramsay MacDonald.*

To Nelson, the pacifism that is fashionable to-day would have been inconceivable as a pathetic trust in treaties unsupported by force. A generation to which the last great war is not even a memory is being instructed that naval power is mainly superfluous, that our cruel sacrifices were unnecessary and explainable only by a general wave of madness, and that at best we fought for objects open to question.—*Lord Sydenham of Combe, British statesman and naval expert.*

Why should we not make this a disarmament year?—*The Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Views & Reviews

WOLSEY. *By A. F. Pollard. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1929. $5.00.*

THOMAS CARDINAL WOLSEY, Legate *a latere*, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Durham, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Chancellor, and almost everything else of importance in the English State and Church from 1515 to 1529, is one of the most arresting characters in history. He is one of those amazing and unaccountable individuals who rise from nothing to everything—a Napoleon, a Mohammed, a Constantine, whose emergence from the general ruck of humanity has always been a puzzle and a stumbling block to philosophical historians.

In Carlyle's sense, Wolsey was a hero—to read of him is to read of a fabulous man of whom one can scarcely understand anything. And yet his history, heaven knows, is documented enough and can be elaborated enough to be inescapable. One can laugh at Arthur and Charlemagne; one can suspect Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan of being largely mythical. Wolsey, Napoleon, in some ways Lenin are so solidly historical that one has to accept them and be done with it.

As is usual with such giants, the commonalty of his day thought that Wolsey possessed supernatural powers; if it were not for his complete impotence after his fall, the modern student might well consider such a theory.

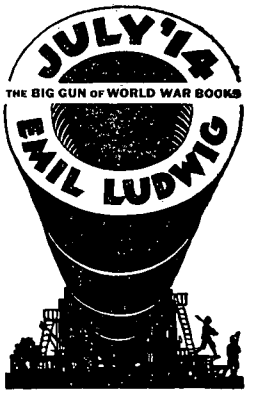
Here was a man who, from being the son of a cheating and dishonest butcher, rose to an eminence in a highly aristocratic society from which he could refer to Henry VIII as '*my* King.' Here was a man, who, without any notable amount of knowledge or scholarship, was literally too clever to be pope.

Wolsey was the Mussolini of his day—a Mussolini and a Crœsus rolled into one. In fact, to the present-day reader his career presents startling likenesses to that of *il Duce*. Both personal autocrats without visible heirs; both scorners of all Parliaments and all conciliatory methods; both ruthless; both with the same habit of endlessly extending their jurisdictions; both childishly fond of the outward marks of personal glory. Yet, in the last analysis, Wolsey remains the greater 'hero,' for he ruled both Church and State, and his morals were more heroically nonexistent.

Professor Pollard's book is not open to my criticism. His scholarship is acknowledged; his learning in this period, renowned. His book, though very properly not easy reading, is worth the careful consideration of anyone interested in human history, for from its pages gradually comes to life one of the few men about whom everyone should know something—the unconscious godfather of modern England and English protestantism; the embodiment of unscrupulous power, and in many ways one of the indirect ancestors of American civilization. Strangely enough—almost significantly—the mother of Wolsey's children was likewise an ancestress of the American Revolutionary family of Lee.

Professor Pollard wisely closes his book with a sentence of Sir Thomas More's which one can do no better than quote here: 'Glorious was hee very farre above all measure, and that was great pitie; for it dyd harme and made him abuse many great gyftes that God hadde geven him.'

H. L. B.



Was all Europe betrayed?

In his astounding book

JULY '14

Emil Ludwig

tells his well-documented story of how a score of diplomats initiated the World War and duped 500,000,000 people.

At all bookstores $3.50

PUTNAM'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRITICISM IN THE MAKING. *By Louis Cazamian. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.00.*

This book is a collection of lectures delivered at the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, and at the University of Toronto.

Professor Cazamian defines criticism as a sympathetic interpretation of the energy that produced a work, an understanding of its development, and an experiencing of the emotions and ideas it contains; he then sketches a method for class-room application. Its first step is a digging into backgrounds, sociological and biographical; the second, an *explication de texte;* and the third is the sensing of the affinities that the second reveals.

For the modern method of discontinuity in art, Professor Cazamian sees no very bright future. His view that *Ulysses* will prove a *point d'appui* for a revolt against formlessness indicates not only a wistfulness for a day when there will again be 'a vision of the world under the aspect of continuity,' but a well substantiated prophecy that the method of discontinuity will be supplanted in modern literature by some form of classicism.

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. 1898–1914. *Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. Vol. IV. The Anglo-Russian Rapprochement. 1903–07. New York: British Library of Information. 1929. $3.00.*

With a truly British indifference to the mere outward forms of logic, the volumes of British War documents have been appearing without any relation between their numbers and the order of their appearance. Volume XI, the last of the series, very naturally and properly came first, because it dealt with the crisis of 1914, which was uppermost in the mind of everybody. Then came Volumes I, II, and III. Then Volume V. Now comes Volume IV, which deals with the important period of the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement,* during which the two empires were slowly making up their minds to forget their ancient rivalries in view of the common menace of Germany's growing power. It is not confined wholly to Anglo-Russian diplomacy, however, but deals also with the negotiations for the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, and much of the diplomatic undercurrent of the Russo-Japanese War. Some thirty pages of documents dealing with the Dogger Bank incident—the shooting up by Russian war vessels of an innocent British fishing fleet—are of especial interest and importance.

THE GOTHICK NORTH. *By Sacheverell Sitwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $5.00.*

A Sitwell seeking relief in prose, and writing most philosophically about a period which was, to say the least, boisterous, is likely to be charming but vague. This book is both charming and vague. It is by no means comparable to *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* (to which its jacket compares it), and portions of it are a great deal more esoteric. In fact, whole paragraphs are Bloomsbury of the purest water. Yet the book is amusing; even worth reading, for it mirrors an undoubtedly keen, if highly introspective, mind reflecting a trifle aimlessly on a period remote to us spiritually and temporally. One is led to believe from the preface that two more volumes are under way.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS 1927. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $8.00.*

In this volume, Mr. Toynbee continues the excellent series begun in 1925, which has since become indispensable to all serious study of international affairs. In this latest addition to the list there is a prefatory study of the whole problem of security and disarmament, and the two attempts made during 1927 to deal with it, namely, the third session of the Disarmament Conference and the Three-Power Naval Conference. The rest of the book is devoted mainly to European and American problems, with a section of less than a hundred pages on China. The history of the Islamic world since the Peace Conference, having been fully treated in the 1925 volume, published two years ago, is not touched upon.

It is unfortunate that history, as represented by these useful books, cannot tread closer upon the heels of the event; but the task of accumulating and evaluating the data bearing on current affairs is not to be underestimated. To survey mankind from China to Peru, year after year, is no mean under-

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taking, and Mr. Toynbee's readers should be glad enough to take the books even after a time-lag of a year and a half. Swifter work is compatible with journalistic standards but it is scarcely compatible with the high standards that Mr. Toynbee has set for himself.

ANNUAL DIGEST OF PUBLIC INTERNATIONAL LAW CASES, YEARS 1925 AND 1926. *Edited by Arnold D. McNair and H. Lauterpacht. Longmans, Green & Company. 1929. $10.00.*

This volume, the first of a series of annual digests, reports in less than five hundred pages the cases involving questions of international law decided by the Permanent Court of International Justice, various arbitral tribunals, and the highest courts of thirty-four nations. The editors have preceded the digests of the decisions by statements of the facts of the controversies, thereby adding to the value of the work. Among the contents are tables of the cases digested and the cases cited and a complete index. The cases are arranged in a carefully prepared classification which is extensively cross-indexed.

Standing by itself, this volume does not contain a sufficient number of decisions to render it of real value, but, as one of a series kept up to date, it should be of the greatest assistance to the student and attorney interested in international law.

THE MANDATES SYSTEM IN RELATION TO AFRICA AND THE PACIFIC ISLANDS. *By Elizabeth van Maanen-Helmer. London: P. S. King & Son. 1929. 15s.*

A doctoral dissertation at the University of London which is chiefly useful as a source book for information on an increasingly important subject. An excellent index and valuable appendices are provided. The English in which the book is written is much better than is usual in such treatises and makes what might be a dull discussion quite readable.

EUROPAS TILLFRISKNANDE. *By Rütger Essén. Stockholm: Albert Bonniers Förlag. 1929. Kronor, 9.50.*

Of interest only to readers of Swedish. Essays on post-War European affairs by an author familiar to readers of THE LIVING AGE.

John Dewey's
The Quest for Certainty

with a year of

The New Republic

at the notable price of

$6.50

for both

Dr. Dewey's latest book, heralded as the complete statement of his philosophy. Our edition is identical with the trade edition except for our imprint stamped in gold and that it has no retail price.

A New Series by John Dewey

The Lost Individual

is shortly to appear in The New Republic. This magazine has for years been the chief medium for the writings in which our foremost philosopher applies his adventurous philosophy to specific problems of American life.

The New Republic,
421 West 21st St., New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $6.50 please enter my subscription to The New Republic for one year, including Dr. Dewey's new series, and send me postpaid, in New Republic edition, The Quest for Certainty. L.A.-11

name .....

address .....

in full .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plan to enjoy the tonic of the cool Pacific at the Magnificent!!

Breakers HOTEL at Long Beach California

THE management of this 12 story modern fireproof hotel now under the direction of the famous Ambassador Hotels System offers you true California hospitality in the heart of the popular resort, Long Beach, within one hour's ride of Los Angeles by street car or motor. Here you will find every facility for your comfort combined with surprising economy.

Cheerful rooms, all outside, and with fresh and salt water shower or tub bath. Handsome lobby, Dining Rooms, Coffee Shop, famous Cocoanut Grove and Shops. Adjacent to the ocean, surf bathing, yachting, deep sea fishing invite you. Golf club privileges, dancing, horseback riding, concerts and games.

Single rooms with shower at $2.50. With bath from $3.00. Double rooms from $4.00. Attractive monthly rates. Delicious meals in dining rooms and coffee shop at extremely moderate cost.

For information and reservations please write

The
BREAKERS HOTEL
Long Beach, Cal.

B-2

CALIFORNIA'S IDEAL CLIMATE

World Travel Calendar

Argentina

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *January 6*, Three Kings' Day.

Austria

VIENNA. October 25-December 15, Fall Art Exhibition of the *Hagenbund; November 3-22*, Art Exhibition of *Kunstgemeinschaft und Österreichischer Künstlerbund* (Glaspalast); *3-29*, Derby; *9-December 10*, International Danube Board; *November 29-December 8*, 35th International Medical Extension Course on Internal Secretion and Constitution; *November 29-December 31*, Exhibition, (Künstlerhaus); *December 5-31*, Christmas Exhibition (Künstlerhaus).

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

BRUSSELS. December 8-19, 22nd International Exhibition of Automobiles, Motorcycles, Boats, and Radios.

Brazil

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *January 6*, Three Kings' Day.

RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration of the Founding of Rio de Janeiro.

Canada

GUELPH. December, Ontario Provincial Winter Fair.

ONTARIO. November, Deer- and Moose-Hunting Season.

OTTAWA. December 2-6, Winter Fair and Horse Show.

REGINA. November 25-30, Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League meets.

TORONTO. November 20-28, Royal Agricultural Winter Fair.

Chile

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *9,* Battle of Ayacucho.

CUBA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 7, Decoration Day; *8,* Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

COPENHAGEN. December 5, Inter-Scandinavian Boxing Matches at Idrats House.

ECUADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 25, Christmas Day.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

LEICESTER. October-November, 9th Textile Machinery, Accessories, and Yarns Exhibition.

Mediterranean
57 DAYS ~ $495
AN ALL-EXPENSE CRUISE

Other Tours: Europe 37 days $295; Bermuda 13 days $106. Book of over 200 tours sent free on request.

ALLEN TOURS, INC.
154 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

LONDON. December, Three Arts Ball, in the first week of the month; *10-16,* Smithfield Club Cattle Show; *December-January, 1930,* 6th International Schoolboys' Exhibition.

MANCHESTER. November 23, Handicap Races.

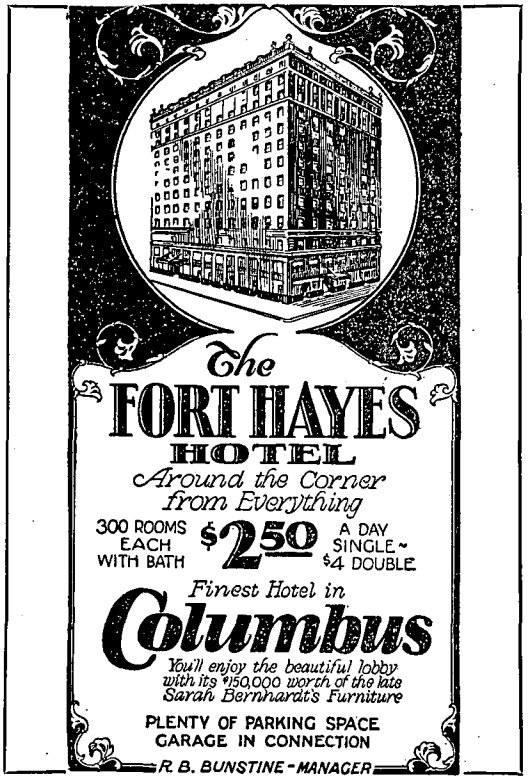
FINLAND

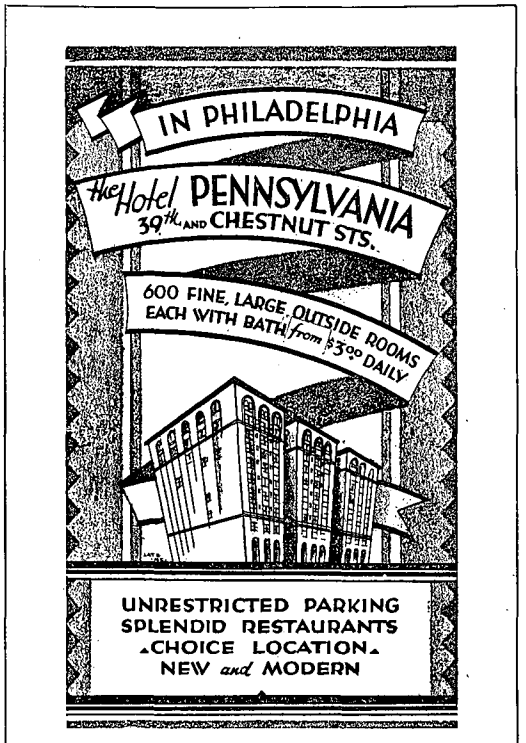
NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 6, Independence Day.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 24, Celebration of Christmas Eve in Homes and Restaurants, Midnight Mass in the Catholic Churches; *25,* Christmas Day Celebrations.

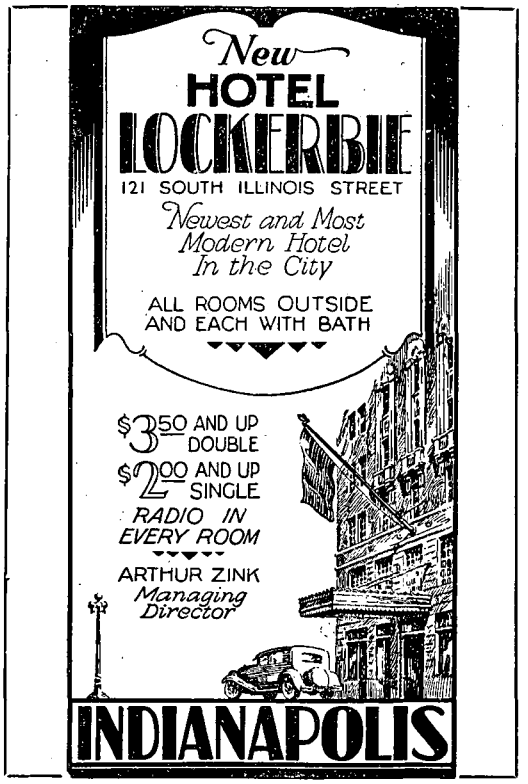
AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Loutellus
APARTMENT HOTEL
Beautifully furnished apartments of 1, 2 & 3 rooms - located in the
SCHENLEY PARK DISTRICT
IDEAL LOCATION ON TWO BOULEVARDS AT 245 MELWOOD AVE.
PITTSBURGH
OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT



BOULOGNE. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.
DUNKIRK. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.
NICE. December 9, Auto and Motorcycle Races.
NORMANDY. December 1, St. Eloy's Day (observed in Saint-Valery and other seacoast towns).
NOYON. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.
PARIS. November, Autumn Salon; *21*, International Commercial Vehicles Exhibition opens; *25*, St. Catherine's Girls Procession; *December 1*, Horse Race, Prix de la Haye Jousselin.

Germany

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Der Grosse Pferdetag.
BERLIN. October-December, Academy Exhibition: Black and White; *October-March, 1930*, Lectures on the Carnegie Chair of the German Academy of Politics; *November 7-January 18, 1930*, German-Language Course at the University; *November 21-22*, Technical Society for Shipbuilding; *end of November*, German Commission on Standardization and Simplification; *beginning of December*, Meeting of Cellulose and Paper Chemists and Engineers; *3*, German Society of Technical Machinists.

Hawaii

HONOLULU. November, Inter-Collegiate Football Matches; *28*, Outrigger Club's Swimming Meet; *December*, Surfboard Polo Tournament; *7*, Football Match: Kamehameha School v. Pasadena Junior College; *14*, Football Match: University of Hawaii v. University of Santa Clara; *25*, Football Match: Washington State v. Hawaii Senior League Champions; *January 1*, Surfboard Races to decide the 1930 champion; Football Match: Washington State v. University of Hawaii.

Holland

AMSTERDAM. November, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.

Hungary

BUDAPEST. November, Hungarian Industrial and Commercial Week, International Composers' Congress, Winter Exhibition, Fine Art Galleries.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy

LORETO. December 10, Festival at Shrine of Santa Casa.

MILAN. November 1-30, Gallop Races at the San Siro Hippodrome.

MONTEDORO (SICILY). December 13, Santa Lucia Procession.

ROME. November 1-30, Gallop Races at the Capannelle Hippodrome; *December 21,* Grand Ceremony in St. Peter's for the end of the Priesthood Jubilee of the Pope; *26,* St. Stephen's Fête.

Japan

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 23, Niinamesai, Second Harvest Festival; *December 14-28, Toshi-no-ichi,* Year-End Fair; *25, Taisho Tennosai,* Anniversary of Death of the Late Emperor Taisho; *31, Omisoka,* Great Last Day of Year.

TOKYO. November 22-28, Commemoration of the Higashi Hongwan-ji Temple at Asakusa; *24,* Commemoration of Nishi Hongwan-ji Temple at Tsukiji; *December 14, Gishi-sai,* Annual Commemoration of the Forty-seven Ronin at the Sengakuji Temple, near Shinagawa.

Mexico

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 20, Anniversary of Commencement of Revolution of 1910; *January 6,* Three Kings' Day.

Norway

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

Panama

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 28, Independence from Spain; *December 8,* Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *25,* Christmas Day.

Paraguay

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 25, Adoption of the Constitution; *December 8,* Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

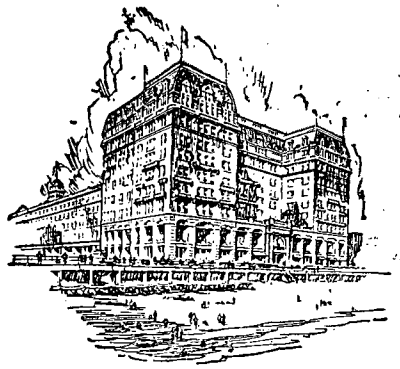
Peru

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 27, National Holiday; *December 8,* Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

NEW YORK'S NEW HOTEL
LINCOLN

1400 ROOMS BATHS
$3-5 For One $4-7 For Two

EIGHTH AVE., 44TH TO 45TH STS.
TIMES SQUARE
TELEPHONE LACKAWANNA 1400



·The Breakers·

ON THE BOARDWALK

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

Preferred — In Fall and all seasons by those who know and wish the best upon either the American or European Plan.

Sensible rates withal!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 1, Independence Flag Day.

RUSSIA

KIEV. December-January, 1930, 8th Congress for the Study of Soils.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December-January, 1930, 'Swinging Feast.'

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.
BARCELONA. December 1-11, National Congress of Architecture; National Firemen's Congress.
MADRID. October 7-December 14, Spanish University Courses.
VALENCIA. November 25, 30, Duck-Hunting Festival on the Lake of Albufera; *December 26*, St. Stephen's Fête; *27*, St. John the Baptist's Fête.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November, Motor Boat Club Races for November Cup.
STOCKHOLM. December 10, Nobel Day, Distribution of Nobel Prizes; *13*, Feast of St. Lucia, celebrated at Skansen, Stockholm, with Old Christmas Customs.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA. December 11, Escalade Thanksgiving Day.

URUGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

VENEZUELA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *19*, National Holiday; *25*, Christmas Day.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 2, Independence Day.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED